

ARCTURUS.

No. XI.

The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

CHAPTER IX.

AN ENTERTAINMENT AT MR. FISHBLATT'S.

A few mornings after his adventures as scourer, Puffer Hopkins was sitting at his desk in the Fork, earnestly engaged in the preparation and composition of a handbill, for the approaching election. That this was a sufficiently arduous undertaking for the young politician, was proved by the great multitude of model placards strewn about the floor, from which he at intervals solaced himself with a line or two; by the blank looks with which he at times entirely halted in his task; and by the painful gaze he occasionally directed towards the wall, as if he expected to discover there handwriting wherewith to eke out the unfinished sentence. Having a good eye for catching phrases, and considerable

readiness in sounding words that would tell well in the popular ear, the composition presently flowed apace; line upon line lengthened out, Puffer reciting each aloud as it was finished, and in the course of about two hours, a thundering manifesto, doomed soon to echo back from wall, shutter, bulk head and house-side, great words of fearful import, and to set the whole world of meeting-hunters and politicians astir, was completed.

Puffer Hopkins was clearing his throat and preparing for a grand rehearsal of this master-piece, when he was suddenly confronted by a frouzy-headed small girl, who had got into the apartment, it seemed to him—for he had no notice of her entrance—by some underhand jugglery or legerdemain, and who, assuming a face of great mystery, levelled at him a diminutive billet, with a faint streak of gold about its edges, and his own name written elaborately on the back.

“Compliments—hopes as how you’ll come—and wishes the bearer to say, would n’t feel cheerful if Mr. Hopkins should fail,” said the frouzy-haired girl reciting something that had been evidently ticketed and laid away in her mind, to be delivered when called for.

Three lines of writing and a date within, worked out obviously with painful toil and a great variety of pens, explained the object of the small visiter, in a request that Mr. P. Hopkins would favor Mr. H. Fishblatt with company at seven o’clock this (Thursday) evening, at the sign of the brass plate and chimney-pots, as before; giving him at the same time street and number.

Puffer was in fine spirits, for he had been successful in his literary labors—and what author’s heart is not a-glow when his invention proves ready, and his hand runs free across the page?—and he accepted the note with great complaisance, and bade the frouzy-haired messenger (who stood staring at the huge text scattered about the floor, as if the great black letters might be ogres, giants, or some other monsters), inform Mr. Fishblatt he would attend his summons with the utmost pleasure.

He was as good as his word; and two hours before the time named in the invitation, Puffer began to prepare for the party at Fishblatt’s. First and foremost, he drew forth from a case, in the corner of his lodgings, a brass-buttoned blue coat, of a popular cut, and fell to beating it over the shoulders and down the back with a yard stick, as if he had under

his hand the body and person of his direst enemy in the world: then he twisted the right arm up and dashed at the place where the ribs might have been; then he fell upon the breasts and pumelled them horribly; and then, casting aside his stick, he fastened fiercely on the collar and gave the whole a mighty shaking, as if he would have the very life out of it. A pair of light drab cloth pantaloons, dragged from the same confinement, shared in like manner at his hands; a striped vest was stretched on the back of a chair like a rack; then his boots were forced into a high polish, the pantaloons drawn on, the vest released, and the coat occupied by its legitimate lord, and Puffer, first attitudenizing a little before the long glass, and running his fingers through his hair—to get his head as nearly as possible into the model he had in his eye of a great politician, whose portrait was in the gallery at the museum—was ready for the party. Sallying gently forth, and marching steadily through the streets, with a secret conviction that every eye in the metropolis was fixed immovably upon him, he shortly discovered the great brass plate of Halsey Fishblatt gleaming through the dark, where he knocked, waited for a minute in a state of awful suspense and was admitted, as before, by the message-bearer, who came to the door with a face wrinkled with smiles, and strongly suggestive of something very nice and choice to be had within. The small girl asked Puffer to be good enough to go to the third-story back room, and thither he proceeded; encountering on his way, and at the base of the second flight of stairs, a fry of dolorous-looking gentlemen, who lingered about the parlor door, pulling down their wristbands and contemplating it, as it opened and shut, with as much dread as if it had been the gate of the doomed; while others hovered about the great balustrade of the stair-case, in waiting for the descent of their lady partners from the third-story front room above. Every now and then an angelic creature, in a white gown and abundant pink ribbons, came down this Jacob's ladder, and fastening upon the arm of one of the sentinels, they marched into the parlor with great state. Returning from his toilet up stairs, Puffer Hopkins followed the general current, and discovered a scene the solemnity whereof was exceedingly impressive and disheartening.

The walls of the parlor upon which he had entered were lined all round with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, sitting as erect as corpses, and gazing into the empty space in

the middle of the apartment, as if some curious meteorological phenomenon were going on there, in which they all had a special interest. At the announcement of Puffer Hopkins by a pale young gentleman at the door, the corpses waked up a little, some twittered spasmodically, a few moved uneasily in their chairs, and by the time Puffer had attained a seat in a corner, the company had again subsided into its condition of tomb-like repose.

They were presently, however, again wakened—and with rather more success—by the entrance of the host, Mr. Fishblatt himself, bearing before him firstly a huge ruffle, which stood straight out from his bosom like a main-sail, and secondly, reposing in the shadow of the said ruffle, a black tea-board of proportionate dimensions, garnished with small jugs or tumblers of lemonade.

Mr. Fishblatt walked very erect and majestically, and holding the waiter at arm's length—smiling pleasantly, as a gentleman always does when he's engaged in a business he knows himself to be altogether too good for, but which the crisis of affairs requires him to look after—presented it to the ladies all around, beginning at the left hand as he was bound to do and skipping ever so many thirsty gentlemen who gloated on the small jugs: and then coming down toward the right hand, as he was likewise bound, he allowed the thirsty gentlemen to glean from the waiter the tumblers that remained. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Halsey Fishblatt all this time held his peace: on the contrary, the bearing of the waiter was not a tithe of his toils, for he kept strenuously urging wherever he went the propriety of taking a tumbler—the necessity of a draught of the lemonade to cool themselves, and particularly soliciting and entreating the ladies to make a paradise of his (Mr. Fishblatt's) parlors, by enjoying themselves with all their might and main.

The lemonade had scarcely vanished and the empty tumblers been gathered and borne out of sight, when it was announced—to the discomfort and confusion of the company—that the celebrated and distinguished representative of the Thirteenth Ward in the city Councils—Alderman Punchwind, by name—was in the house: having, as it was understood, done Mr. Fishblatt the honor to call in and partake of the agreeable hospitalities that were then and there going forward. Mr. Fishblatt, at the thought of so august a presence, recoiled a little, but recovering speedi-

ly, a deputation was immediately sent out, consisting of Puffer Hopkins and two young gentlemen who wore large watch seals, and were rather ambitious of office and employment of this kind, to wait upon his eminence. In a few minutes a heavy tread was heard upon the stair, a commotion in the entry, and in stalked, in a broad-brimmed hat, a portly, capacious and solid gentleman, of such dimensions as to resemble not a little a great school-globe, stepped out of its brass ring, and taking a walk of pleasure: in he marched, accompanied by his delegation, who clung close to his skirts to watch the impression his presence might make on the commonalty assembled.

Puffer Hopkins had a glimmering reminiscence of a broad-brimmed hat, very much like the Alderman's, escaping into a pantry at the end of the hall as he came in at the beginning of the evening, worn by Crump—could it be so?—Crump, the meek secretary who had been so brow-beaten in the shower by Mr. Blinker. His brows overshadowed by the huge hat, and his chin buried in a capacious collar, Alderman Punchwind paused for a minute at the door, glanced about slowly and with an air of solemn importance, and then, without removing his hat or uttering a word, stalked across the parlor, proceeded to fill a glass from the side-board where relays of refreshment in liberal quantities were arranged, and at this moment, deigning to turn around and recognize the company, he intimated by a look that he would drink *all* their good healths; which he did, very emphatically absorbing his wine much as the Norwegian Maelstrom might if it were a corporate Alderman and fed at public charge. Having disposed of the wine, the Alderman next devoted his attention to the cake and other eatables, of which great batches disappeared from time to time; with a pause now and then, to allow him to vary the entertainment with a friendly return, just to show he had n't forgotten it, to the decanter; which proceedings were watched with painful interest by Mr. Fishblatt's guests—who were horrified at the miraculous disappearance of the provision for the party, and who looked upon the performance much as they would at the elephant at the menagerie, feeding with a bale or two of hay, or the pagan anaconda at the museum, lunching on a pair of fowls and a live rabbit, without so much as a grace to the meal.

As soon as Alderman Punchwind had concluded his

corporate banquet by stripping the board of something more than two-thirds of its contents, solid and liquid, he wiped his lips, and marching steadily toward the centre of the rooms, there planted himself by the side of a column and looked abroad upon the company: fixing his eye, now and then, with peculiar sternness on some young lady who happened to be fairer than her neighbors.

After he had enjoyed this recreation for some time, various members of the company were brought up by Mr. Fishblatt and introduced (by consent) to the distinguished functionary, who kept his ground manfully and received them all with an air of bland and gracious condescension; allowing each of them to take him by the hand and to enjoy a few minutes contemplation of his very classic and expressive features, and then pass off, making room for others.

While this was proceeding, attention was drawn toward the door by the entrance of a very uppish gentleman, of a severe aspect, who carried himself with great state and port, and cast his eyes disdainfully about, as if he held the individuals of both sexes and all ages there assembled supremely cheap and of no account whatever in making up any thing like an accurate scale of society.

This disdainful and evidently select personage was no other than John Blinker, Esq., First Director and President of the Phoenix Fire Company below stairs, who, as soon as he had heard there was a live Alderman in the room, came forward extending his hand and smiling pleasantly, quite anxious, it would seem, to conciliate the favor of a mighty Alderman and Common Council-man. These overtures on the part of Mr. Blinker were received by the Alderman, however, with an air of slight disdain, which caused the President to cower and fall back a little until Mr. Punchwind thought proper to relax his features, when the President advanced again, and had the satisfaction at last, and after many difficulties, of taking him by the hand.

"Do I understand that the fire-limits of the city are to be extended?" asked Mr. Blinker, whose mind hovered about the fiery principle of his calling like a moth about flame, after waiting in vain for a communication from the Alderman.

The question was asked, but not answered: for Alderman Punchwind, reclining his head a little toward his ques-

tioner, allowed a smile to spread over his features—as much as to say, you don't know how important, how critical and how solemn a question you have put to me—and said not a word.

“I think it would be an advantage to the city to have them extended, sir. I hope I am not so unfortunate as to differ in opinion with Alderman Punchwind!” said Mr. Blinker, meekly.

The Alderman only smiled again—intimating thereby, apparently, that there were state reasons why this anxious interrogatory of the great President's could n't be answered, just then.

At this moment, Puffer Hopkins, who had overheard the questions of Mr. Blinker, and entertaining a becoming reverence for the distinguished individual before him—feeling, too, perhaps, that a modicum of metropolitan information from the very fountain head, on a subject in which he felt an interest, from his frequent professional pilgrimages to political meetings, lectures, and other night-resorts, might be serviceable—impelled by some, or all of these considerations, Puffer proceeded to ask, in a tone of profound respect,—“Whether they were to have new windows in the public lamps?”

“New lamp-windows, did you ask?” retorted the Alderman, as plainly as he could without the trouble of opening his lips.

“I did, sir,” reiterated Puffer Hopkins, beginning to feel rhetorically inclined, and so understanding the learned gentleman, “and knowing the interest felt in the answer, and your ability to give us a clear and decisive reply, I put it to you in this public manner—whether we are to have new glasses in the public lamps! A gust of wind in our streets of a dark night is equal to an eclipse of the sun in broad day, in their present dilapidated condition. The darkness of Egypt overspreads this city, sir, at times; a Siberian darkness, where bears and catamounts might dwell, perhaps, if it were not for the city police and our vigilant magistracy.”

The Alderman paused, and looked about him with a grave and majestic air. He seemed reluctant to respond.

“It's your duty, sir,” said Mr. Fishblatt, coming in at this crisis, standing directly in front of the Alderman, and looking him steadily in the face, “to inform us of your views on

this all-important subject. The happiness of this community is dependent on it, sir. There'll be an immense oversetting of hacks, breakage of legs, and fracture of skulls, if things remain in their present condition, I can tell you. This metropolis is as black now, sir, at night, as the bottom of an ink-bottle, and people float about the streets at random, like so many bugs on the surface of a dark pool. What's all the crime of this great city owing to, sir? Some will say, its intemperance, and a neglect of the public pumps. Others will say, its ignorance, and neglect of the public schools. Some will tell you, it's because we've got too many penitentiaries and houses of refuge, and others will tell you, it's because they're too few. Pumps, penitentiaries, and public schools, can't explain it;—it's your miserable public lamps, sir! It's your knavish oil-men, and your rascally glaziers, that are corrupting us every day and every night—more particularly at night. They're the origin of your dissolute sons, your profligate daughters, your sinful judges, and your dishonest clerks. Nobody comes out at noon and makes a beast of himself in the street. Keep the city well-lighted, and you keep it virtuous, sir. You should have a lamp at the front of every tenement; and where the streets are so narrow that the houses might catch from the wick, you should have men moving up and down with great lanterns, and keep all the thoroughfares and alleys in a glow. You would n't have a murder once in a century, and as for burglaries and larcenies, they'd be forgotten crimes, like the Phoenix, sir, and the Megalosaurus!"

At the termination of this earnest appeal, the company had gathered in a body about the person of the Alderman, and stood waiting, with intense interest, for his answer. Alderman Punchwind hereupon canvassed the assemblage with great deliberation, and having finished, elevated the fore-finger of his right hand, and passed it significantly down his nose, dispatched a sagacious wink toward Mr. Blinker, with his sinister eye, and mildly muttering "Smoked beans," departed.

Can it create surprise to know that the company there assembled by invitation of Mr. Fishblatt, were astounded at this strange and unseemly exit of the distinguished gentleman from the Thirteenth Ward? that Mr. Fishblatt was horrified and stricken with amaze? that Mr. Blinker was indignant? that the delegation that had waited upon the Alderman felt

slightly humiliated and abashed at the conduct of their superior? That Puffer Hopkins was profoundly penetrated with a sense of the uncertainty of human affairs—for had there not been here an individual occupying but a minute before the very highest conceivable pinnacle—the very Himalayah-top of human greatness attainable at a small party—and had n't that individual, with most suicidal rashness, pitched himself off headlong into the very centre of a low, vulgar kitchen-garden, by an allusion to fumigated beans?

The entertainment was now, in truth, at an end; and although fragments of cake and fag-ends of decanters—generously left by Alderman Punchwind—were from time to time brought forward, the spirits of the party flagged. Mr. Fishblatt hung his head; and when, at a few minutes of midnight, the Insurance President disappeared, the party gradually broke up; two or three, at first, leaving at a time, and then a shoal of half a dozen, and in less than an hour the rooms were deserted.

Puffer Hopkins, who had gallantly assumed the charge of a young lady, with a pair of piercing black eyes, who lived in a remote suburb, with which Puffer was by no means familiar, spent the remainder of the night, up to three o'clock, in piloting the young lady homeward, and the balance, till dawn, in discovering his way back again, through divers crooks and crosses, through streets that ran at first directly for half a mile into town, and then directly for half a mile more out again; getting now and then into a road that had no outlet, and then into one that had an outlet that led into nothing.

The mysterious proceedings of Alderman Punchwind, it should be stated, remain to this day unexplained. On inquiry, a few days after the entertainment, Mr. Fishblatt was assured, that on the night in question, Alderman Punchwind, the authentic and accredited representative of the Thirteenth Ward, was in his own room laboriously employed on a report of fifty-three pages foolscap, on the subject of spiles and pier heads, and had n't left it for a moment, except to step over the way to his neighbor the timber-merchant, to get a few facts to put in his report. It therefore only remained for rumor to say that this was the apparition of the Alderman; which was confirmed with the superstitious by Mr. Punchwind's being carried off just seven days afterward by an apoplexy, at one

of the city suppers. Others thought it might have been all a dream and delusion on the part of the company, who may be reasonably supposed to have been at the time under the influence of Mr. Fishblatt's good cheer: and others again—and certain mysterious smiles on the part of the frouzy-haired servant girl hinted as much—would not be beaten from the belief that it was Crump; Crump, the humble secretary of the Phoenix Fire Company, himself; who had adopted this method, it was suggested, of enjoying one first-rate banquet, which his own salary did n't admit of, and at the same time of retaliating the severities of his superior; having the entire pleasure of both amusements, the feast and the revenge, to himself, which was very characteristic.

For ourselves, we rather incline to this last solution, inasmuch as the subject of Mr. Fishblatt's party was, from the time of the starting of this hypothesis, a forbidden subject thenceforth and forever in the office of the Phoenix Company, by express order of Mr. Blinker, who said it was altogether too frivolous to think of;

CHAPTER X.

HOBBLESHANK AT HIS LODGINGS.

The interest with which Mr. Fyler Close watched the flight of Hobbleshank was by no means diminished, when he discovered faring forth from behind a stable-door, where he had lain in ambush, and keeping, at an easy distance, diligently in the track of the wrathful old gentleman, no other than Ishmael Small. Speeding along in a very eccentric route, sometimes on the pavement, again in the middle of the road, and then, with one foot on the curb and one in the gutter, Hobbleshank made his way through the straitened purlieu of Pell street: Pell street that lies just off of the great thoroughfare of the Bowery with a world of its own, where great mackerel-venders' trumpets, nearly as long as the street itself, are blown all day long, where vegetable-waggons choke the way and keep up a reek of greens and pot-herbs until high noon, and where, if all the signs and omens that pervade the street—sights, sounds and smells—are of any worth, the denizens lead a retired life, with a lenten diet, ignorant of what the great

world beyond may think of beefless dinners or breakfasts after Pythagoras.

Through this choice precinct they sped, Hobbleshank pushing swiftly on, and his pursuer following at a distance with equal pace, darting in at entry doors and out again in a glance, to avoid discovery, if the old man should look back; and so they soon entered the mouth of Doyer street—the Corkscrew lane—through which it needs skilful pilotage to bear one safely, every house a turn, and every curb-stone set at a different angle, for thus, like a many-jointed snake Doyer street creeps out of the damp and green-grown marsh of Pell street, upon the open sunny slope of Chat-ham Square.

Following the whim of the street, which must needs have its way, they got forth into the broad region of the Square, along which Hobbleshank speeded at a good round rate, while Mr. Small regaled himself with an eleemosynary ride on the foot-board of a hackney-coach, where he sat comfortably balanced and keeping the old man in view until they reached Mulberry street, when he dismounted,—just in time to evade the crack of a whip from the box-seat—and followed Hobbleshank warily into a building some dozen or two paces off of the main street. It was a dark, ruinous, gloomy-looking old house—built on a model that was lost twenty years ago and never found again—and had a wide greedy hall, that swallowed up as many chairs, tables and other fixtures, as the various tenants chose to cast into it.

Up the broad rambling stairs Hobbleshank ascended, and by the time he had attained a cramped room at the head of the second flight, Mr. Small had accomplished the same journey, crept along and clambered up a narrow cornice in the throat of the hall, and gaining, by an exercise of dexterity peculiar to himself, a small window in the wall, was looking very calmly and reflectively through the same at two aged women upon whose presence Hobbleshank had entered.

One of them sate by the hearth: she was small and shrivelled, with a pinched and wrinkled countenance; so shrivelled and thin, and seemingly void of life-like qualities, as if she hovered only on the borders of the world, and was ready to go at any moment's summons. The other was stouter, though she too was bowed with years and bore in her features traces of many past cares; which she seemed zealous

to make known by larding her discourse with great sighs, which she heaved at the rate of twenty a minute, while she bustled about the chamber and busied herself in various household offices.

These scarcely noticed the entrance of Hobbleshank, who opened the door gently, and stealing in proceeded to a corner of the room, where, taking a chair and turning his back upon them, he bowed his head upon his hand and was silent.

"I tell you—you have been a blessed woman, Dorothy—that you have," cried the elder, in a sharp wiry voice from the chimney-corner, where she was painfully employed in rubbing her withered palms together over the blaze, "a blessed woman. There was my first born, Tom, with as handsome a pair of blue eyes as mother ever looked at, did n't he fall into the old Brewery well, and die there, like a malt-rat, shouting for help, which came, of course, just the minute after he was stifled. Always so—always so, I tell you!"

"Whose roof was blown off in the great September gale—yours or mine, Aunt Gatty? I'd like to know that," rejoined the other, heaving a sigh of course. "Whose son was buried in a trance for three days and better, and when he comes to again has to be taught his alphabet all over like a suckling child? Your loss—Lord preserve us!—was a drop in the bucket, so speaking, when the brewers wound it up—nothing more."

And the stout old lady laughed gently at the thought of the brawny brewers tugging away at the rope for so lively a hoist, and then fell straightway to sighing.

"Why, you talk like a simpleton," answered the other sharply, "a natural simpleton in a dotage: there was a child of mine, Dorothy, you mind it well—you used to say he had hawk's eyes—so wild and bright and glancing. That boy went mad, I think, and struck at me—me, his mother—and that you know too, for many's the look you've taken at the old scar—me, who had watched his steps all through infancy and childhood and boyhood, up to the very manhood that gave him strength to strike: smote her down to the earth—was it he or the fiend that did it?—and would have snatched her life away, but for the men who beat him off like a dog? There was Joe, too, my dear," continued aunt Gatty "that went down of a dark dreari-

some night, in the wild Gulf Stream, crying Heaven's help ! in vain, and snatching at the waves, as old Buncle, the ship-master, told me, like a madman." The old woman shook as in a palsy, and waved her head painfully to and fro, as she recited these passages of past trouble.

"True, true, true," said her companion, who had paused in her labor and watched her for a moment, "true ; just as true as that Jacob—my Jacob, I used to call him, but now he's anybody's or nobody's—was carried off to prison by cruel men, ten times fiercer than your Gulf Streams and your Tornadoes—had his limbs chained, and was put to hewing great blocks of stone like a devil on penance—taken away from good day wages and bound in a jail—"

"Peace ! you foolish praters !" exclaimed Hobbleshank, starting up at this moment from the deep silence in which he had been buried, turning toward them and lifting both his arms tremblingly up, "Peace ! while I read you a page, a black page, out of the book of lamentations—that should make the blood creep in your old veins like the brook-ripples in December. There 's a quiet serene farm-house—a quiet serene farm-house—with a father, a mother, yes, merciful God ! a young, happy, beautiful mother." He paused and bowed his head, but in a few minutes he proceeded, "and a young child that has just crept out upon the bleak common of this world of ours, lying in her bosom, as it might be Adam and his spouse, in some chosen corner of their old garden. Some devil or other secretly engulphs all the fortune of that household, tortures with a slow, killing pain, the father of the family, by ever-lending to him and ever-driving him for horrid interests—making him toil and moil in that great, inexorable mill of usury and borrowing : till his brain turns—his old reason totters like a weak tower that shakes in the wind :—he flies from his home wandering to and fro, he knows not whither—straying back to it at times, after long lunatic absences ; and one day—there 's a word that should prick your foolish old hearts like a sword's point—coming suddenly back, he finds his fair young wife dead—yes dead !—starved into a skeleton so pale and ghastly that anatomists and men of death would smile to look on it—and the boy—the boy that should have gone with her, she loved him so, into the grave she had traveled to through hunger, or have staid back to inherit

that roof that was his and cheer up this sad old heart that is mine—snatched away, secretly, nobody could tell how, or when, or whither—and the very nurse that should have tarried to keep company with death in that house of sorrow—was likewise fled; and I, an old, shattered, uncertain poor creature, left alone in the midst of all this desolation—as if it became me—and had only waited for me as its rightful master and emperor. Well; God's blessing with you—and if you have seen greater trouble than that, you have borne it merrily and are miracles of old women to have lived through it to this day!"

Saying this, the old man started up from his chair, and staggering across the room, trembling in every limb, he hurried into a small chamber at the end of the apartment and cast himself upon his couch. The two old women, abashed by the passion and energy of the speaker, were silent for a while and moved not a limb. They both sate looking toward the door where Hobbleshank had entered, as if they expected him, momentarily to emerge.

"A sad tale; a sad tale, in truth," at length said the younger. "Was the boy never heard of?"

"Never, that I know, from that dark day to this," answered the other, mumbling as she spake and shrinking back into the chimney, as if what she recalled stood shrouded before her in a deadly form; "Search was not made for him, until years after the mother's death—the worms' banquet had been set and cleared away many a day—when the old man, who had wandered away, as soon as the funeral was over, the Lord knows whither, came back, and loitered and lingered about his former residence, the old farm-house, in the suburbs of the city, day after day, watching in vain, hour by hour, for the forthcoming of some one who could tell the history of what was past. The building is closed and deserted, and has no historian but itself, or such as would not tell, if they could, the fate of the lost child, or the secret of his death, if dead he be."

"And where is the nurse?"

"Absent; missing; drowned, or murdered, or dead in due course of nature; nobody can tell. The house is deserted and gone to decay, and is said to belong to a wretched miser, whose right came, somehow or other, through the child's death. There's the whole story, and this old man, who came to live with me so long ago—even

before you knew me—and has never once spoken of it till this night, is the only wreck of the troubles and cares and crosses that howled about it, till they found entrance, twenty years ago! Something has stirred him strangely, or he would not have spoken this night."

"Perhaps his mind is failing," said the other: "for when that's ebbing away, it always uncovers what is at the bottom, and brings to light things hidden in its depths for years."

"He may have seen some object associated with old times that has touched him," answered aunt Gatty "visited, perhaps, the farm-house itself; or have chanced upon some person connected with these terrible events."

"It may be so. But let us to bed, my dear old friend, and pray that the Spirit of Peace be in the old man's slumbers."

"Amen!" said her companion: and extinguishing their light, and carefully drawing a curtain before the chamber-window where Hobbleshank lodged, that the morning beam might not disturb his repose, they were soon sheltered in the quiet and darkness of night that wrapped them all about.

Ishmael Small, who had greedily watched them all through, after stretching his blank features forward into the gloom of the apartment to catch any further word that might chance to fall, crept down from his post of observation and stole cautiously away.

PROSPECTS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difficulties that oppose the present advancement of theatrical property in America, and the incidental discouragements are numberless, we yet believe there never has been a period in which the real interests of the drama may be more favorably cultivated than this. Circumstances enough exist to depress the stage, but it must be remembered the general character of the stage and its performances is one of painful mediocrity; and it is better that mediocrity be so destroyed at once. The prevalent

discontent with the stage is itself a sign, though it may be a distant one, of reform and improvement. Destroyed the stage cannot be, for it is the index of certain indestructible faculties of the mind; an acted drama is as universal a means of delight and benefit as a written literature. The formation of a theatre, or something equivalent to it, is the first impulse of savage life, and the chief graces of civilization have flourished with the best labors of the stage. The history of the Athenian drama, from the rude cart of Thespis to the finished trilogy of Sophocles, is the history of the progress of Greek civilization. The acted drama of the age of Shakespeare, exhibits the development of English character, speaking out in heroic language on the stage after many silent years of toil and suffering, in which the character had been formed. The historical fact of the permanent existence of the stage, as a part of social manners, may put to rest the arguments of those who think it can ever be superseded. Books cannot perish, neither can the acted drama. With this faith in the vitality of the theatre, we dismiss all regret at the present feeble support of the stage. The public have rightly tired of the poor conventionalisms of acting and authorship palmed off upon the boards; the audiences have fairly abandoned the theatre. Nothing, it would apparently seem, can restore the stage. But there has been one thing left untried, of sovereign virtue and efficacy in the restoration of the arts, the only panacea for a worn out literature or drama; and that untried remedy is, originality. A new order has grown up in the intellectual and social habits of the times; modes of thinking are altered; changes of manners more rapid and variable have occurred; and the theatre, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time," has said nothing of the new revelations of thought and experience. In this we see the secret of all the complaints of the decline of the stage. Accidental circumstances, not immediately connected with this, have not been wanting; there have been defects of stage management, revolutions in the currency that have affected the demand for popular amusements (though this in a less degree than has been generally supposed), the starring system has destroyed the discipline of the boards; but these are all incidental evils, that would be controlled if the first principle of the stage were correct. The theatre has not been true to its own law; it has abandoned its legitimate position for mean

expedients; it has sought mediocrity, and deserved its fate. Particularly is this true of the stage in the United States.

What is the first essential of the drama? It is nationality. The drama is the immediate growth of the age and country. Taste or fashion may reign in literature, and withdraw the studies of the learned to distant periods of time and foreign habits of thinking; we may read as antiquarians, as mystics, as egotists, and preserve our unsocial individual manners; there are many interests represented in books, there is but one of the drama. It is addressed to the people immediately, and lives or dies on the breath of the moment. The public must believe in it, with an ardent sympathy, or it is nothing. Literary and theatrical coteries of authors and actors may fill the theatre with plaudits, and forestall for some temporary object the true income of praise; but the account is very soon made right. When the noise ceases, the reputation is at an end. The friends of Bulwer and Macready may thus combine to make a fashionable dramatist of the author of *Pelham*, who thinks notoriety of this kind an addition to his political and social celebrity; but in the very midst of the purchased applause of the claqueurs, there is the consciousness of want of desert. There is no echo in the world without. Let but the key note of passion and feeling in the popular heart be once struck upon the stage in a new tragedy, the truth of which all will be ready to assert, and from that first moment of enthusiasm will commence the rise of the drama.

When we speak of nationality in the drama, we do not mean the inculcation of mere patriotism. There are higher habits of thought in a commonwealth than this national self-love. The love of country may yet be merged in the love of the world, when war—the antagonism of patriotism, and necessary to its life—shall cease; but then nationality will continue to exist. It springs directly from the individual, and government is but one of the many influences that go to its formation. The thought uttered on the stage will be in unison with the best possible form of politics, and agree with the best spirit of the deeds of the revolution, though there may not be a single flag, cannon or hurrah in the whole play. Patriotism, as commonly employed, is a low source of emotion; it appeals to externals, it reaches the heart through the memory, it is a kind of upbraiding with the deeds of others. Let us act our own.

One characteristic of a new dramatic literature in this country we may venture to predict: the democratic spirit by which it will be informed. Hitherto, poetry has been on the side of power, for the world has been governed by the authority of power; it has drawn its chief images of greatness from the old aristocratic ideas of sovereignty, war, military glory. Its language has been of courts and camps. Its splendid phraseology has echoed the sound of the trumpet, the roll of the drum; has reflected the imperial purple. The Muse of Tragedy has rested on the throne. Wolsey, high in power, Lear, a king, Hamlet, Lady Constance, all belong to royalty. But kings have lost their dignity with their despotism, and are fast vanishing from the earth; revolutions have deposed some and unromantic constitutions have robbed others. Modern kings are no longer heroes by divine right. Is tragedy therefore to be extinct? Not while the heart throbs in a single human frame. There is a tragedy in every man's death, and perhaps a sadder one while he was still alive. The revolutions in the heart for a single day may be unwritten scenes of more pathos than those in Agamomnon or Orestes. The dignity of life does not need the outward aid of power or station.

With the emotions of private life, with domestic tragedy on the stage, will be blended the heroic ideas of the age. The present is full of hope, benevolence and philanthropy. It has courage and manly action for the present and faith in the future. We should look for this sentiment reflected at the theatre in living characters drawn from the times. Why may not a modern enthusiast, with his schemes of reform and dreams of earthly happiness, have the same or greater eloquence on the stage than a faded old alchymist whose visions were mostly material? Why have we not a tragedy of Luther rather than of Henry VIII? The clergyman is a character endowed with sufficient importance in Protestantism; yet we do not remember a single exhibition of this character in any tragedy we ever read. The audience would be surprised to hear a school-master on the stage talking as he might of his art; yet the school-master is one of the modern heroes. We want a theatre that shall be foremost in guiding the public taste to the loftiest habits of thinking; that catching the earliest developments of the popular mind, shall carry them out nobly. The country at present is more or less agitated by the topic of war, and

newspapers everywhere are exhibiting sketches of its horrors and reading lessons of peace. Why do we hear nothing of this on the stage? There are memorable lessons in history and great arguments in the future that might be there taught. But the drama is silent. We attended the theatre the other night, and found an actor reciting out of an old play a tribute to the glorious campaigns of Marlborough? "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba that he should prate thus?" This is our present drama.

But though we know of no modern productions in English that worthily represent the new era of ideas, we may yet discover in recent attempts, both in this country and abroad, the beginning of a characteristic drama. Though the plays are founded on old models and have a sufficient share of Italian princes and heroes, the sentiments are generally liberal, and they contain passages for modern ears, which, however, thrown in for effect, are evidences of a desire to meet the wants of the day. We need a new race of writers in the drama, with a new class of subjects. Let an author of real dramatic power once seize the materials which now lie waiting such a one and the properties of the stage will soon follow. Actors will spring up, the theatre under a fresh popular impulse will be respected and draw together all the talent in its administration that is required. If we had a Shakespeare, or the tenth part of one, to write tragedies for us, there would soon be no complaints of the low state of the drama.

At present the theatre has no resources in itself capable of its revival. Its best efforts, those to restore the legitimate drama, are feeble; the revival as a work of art of old plays, the restoration of ancient costume, the recollection of old theatrical scenes, deserve always to hold a place in the performances of a cultivated theatre, but the interest in them is too remote to excite any great popular enthusiasm. The truest evidence of the real decline of the drama is at present exhibited in the gradual loss of actors, the decline of talent on the boards. The two best actors we have seen of late years, Charles Mathews and Power, hardly belonged to any system of dramatic performances. Their excellence was individual and peculiar, the one performed alone and the other in but one or two legitimate pieces, generally calling to his aid mere stage machinery to exhibit himself, the staple of the whole piece.

What then is to be done? We have pointed out as it appears to us the direction that a new dramatist must take in the walk of tragedy. A wider field yet remains in comedy and farce. There is no country in the world in which a greater store of materials is laid up for a humorous writer. A system of life that brings into collision masses of men and individuals, with greater variety and frequency than in any other nation, must be the most favorable to the exhibition of character. Where there is the greatest activity there is the best opportunity for observation. In the bustle of men, among the thronging hopes and fears, out of the designs and disappointments, the schemes and failures of active life, the dramatist seizes his incidents and dialogue. The fitness of American life for the purposes of the drama is simply this, that it is the most dramatic off the stage in itself. No one with an eye to see or heart to feel, (for there must be some sympathy before he can see), doubts of the earnestness, the force, the picturesqueness of the every-day scenes passing around us. There is needed only the artist to place these scenes for us by his genius in a proper point of view for all to see and and appreciate them.

It has been thought that a certain repose of manners, a fixed scale and gradation of society, was necessary to the ends of comedy. In such a state the effect of long custom and traditional usage offers, in truth, great facility to the comic painter. He is but to transcribe the unwritten comedy around him, and paint not merely what is laughable, but what the people have long been in the habit of laughing at. There is a series of traditional pictures, in English comedy and fiction of this kind, of parish beadies, old country squires, Yorkshire farmers, sure to come up in the writings of every successive humorist, though of late the social changes have rather outgrown them, even in England. In this country there are no such aids to laughter. Literature growing out of national life has been too little cultivated to make the popular humors thus familiar. The resources of the writer exist only in the raw material. But this very necessity of originality is to prove the greatest advantage. We are fortunately placed in a position, so far as this portion of our literature is concerned, in which imitation is impossible. The comic writer must be original or be nothing.

Hazlitt has shown the decline of comedy in England with the loss of external manners, the decline of the fan, the swelling hoop, the bag-wig and "clouded cane;" we can no longer possess genteel comedy, he says, for the independent race of fine gentlemen is extinct. This applies, however, after all, only to one particular form of comedy. The race of fine gentlemen may perish, but man remains, attended by a train of conceits, false positions, absurdities, inequalities, all of which will find vent in the manners of the day. The spirit of comedy never can be extinct; for the material of comedy, the manners, are always living. Of this we may be assured, that where men live and act, there will be food for tears and laughter. We have yet to be persuaded that a people, sensitive, quick-witted, facile to mirth, full of all ingenuous and honest manly qualities, lack the ability to conceive and enjoy the reflection of these high qualities on a well regulated stage. We have faith in the national character; and we have a sure faith, drawn from the history of other civilized people, that this character will, in all its various phases, be yet worthily represented in a peculiar and permanent literature.

2

A FEW HOMERIC NODS IN MR. HALLAM.

HISTORIES of literature in general prove very unsatisfactory. The ground they cover is too wide; the topics discussed too multifarious; the space for each very limited. There is more of the narrative talent employed in them generally than critical acumen. An historical line of writers is deduced, and the genealogy of the various schools of literature and the mutations of taste and fashion are presented, but the individual traits of single writers, unless those of the first class, are too often overlooked, and the rare merits of minor writings, which are in less regard because less known, cast almost entirely in the shade, or else unfaithfully noticed. This general fault applies to the three most prominent histories of literature with which the modern scholar is acquainted—the work of Schlegel, Sismundi, and Bouterwek. The late Introduction to the literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mr. Hallam, is open

to the same objections, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, to a wider and more prejudicial extent.

The capacity and requisite attainments on the part of an historian of European letters, would, if rigorously tested in the person of Mr. Hallam, incline one to place his pretensions and to rate his performance rather lower than the press and the reading public generally have thought proper to ascribe to him. The true position of this author in the literary republic, has been well defined by Macaulay, as that of a most liberal, fair and accurate political historian. But it will be readily seen that the very qualities that best fit Hallam for this department, are the least appropriate to him in his new character. The cool decisions and rigidly impartial statements of the narrator of civil and military occurrences, and of the speculatist on the political aspects of states and nations, diminish the influence of a literary spirit cherished with enthusiasm and kept fresh by a natural and healthy sympathy with men of genius. Hence we find the statesman and political economist has here got the better of the literary critic and the genuine man of letters. Mr. Hallam is a man of varied acquirements, much industry, and a correct judgment on points where he is well versed; but his work is after all little better than a *catalogue raisonné*, and in that section of it most interesting to the English reader—the department of old English prose and poetry—lamentably deficient, not only in a just appreciation of the glories of the reigns of Elizabeth, of James, and of Charles I., but also in some of the common details with which every gentleman of moderate reading is supposed to be acquainted. All questions of speculative theology and theoretical politics, the antiquarian history of the first editions of the classics, and the early translations of the Bible, the progress of oriental learning, and similar heads, are well and learnedly handled. The great defect of the writer is seen when he comes to speak of the minor prose literature of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and where those recondite niceties and delicate traits that test the fine critic, pass either without observation or are ignorantly and almost insolently treated. A feeling of the beauties of an obscure author of merit is as rare in the world of books, as the honest appreciation of a worthy man, who lives out of the world and is perhaps underrated by the few to whom he is known, is in the circles of society. Not only candor but also ingenuity is wanted,

in a critic of this description. The critic has candor, but is by no means an ingenious man in any of his works, and we apprehend not so well informed on these very topics as he ought to be. On this latter suggestion alone can we account for several false reports and very inadequate decisions. We have marked many instances, but shall at present quote but a few.

Mr. Hallam writes thus of Jeremy Taylor. "His sentences are of endless length, and hence *not only altogether unmusical*, but not always reducible to grammar." Of Donne and Cowley, he gives the old Johnsonian criticism, which has been amply refuted over and over again. He speaks of South as he is currently mentioned, merely a witty court preacher, and says not a word of his vigorous eloquence. Of Hammond's biblical annotations he treats at length, but adds not a syllable of the sermons of the English Fenelon. Among the Shakesperean commentators he mentions Mrs. Montague, and others inferior even to her, but omits altogether any reference to Hazlitt or Lamb. One of the most flagrant instances of a want of proper reverence for the finest writers of the finest period of English literature, is to be seen in his notice of the Mermaid tavern: "the oldest and not the worst of clubs." The circle in which Mr. Hallam moves is perhaps more courtly and aristocratical. His idol, Mr. Hookham Frere, possesses "admirable humor," but poor Owen Feltham, forsooth, who wrote the first century of his resolves at the age of eighteen, and lived the life of a dependant, is a harsh and quaint writer, full of sententious commonplaces. This young man, who was also poor, offers a stirring example of an early maturity of judgment, and of the union of genuine pathos and fanciful humor. His little volume will be read with gratification a century hence, and by a larger class than now peruse it, and we dare affirm with more pleasure than the long and inaccurate volumes of Hallam.

Mr. Hallam's judgments, often assuredly caught from second sources, are, when original, those of a critic with the taste of Dr. Blair; a strange union of French criticism and reverence for classic models current in the early part and until almost the close of the last century. He gives an opinion of Addison, to which no reader of varied acquisition, or of broad views of the present day, could by any possibility assent. After Lamb and Hazlitt's admirable criticisms, we cannot read with patience the labored cautious-

ness of Mr. Hallam, on the old English dramatists. Our author's notices of the old divines is too much a history of their polemical works, and the views of their pulpit eloquence either borrowed or else confused.

Lest the popular admiration for genius of the popular sort should run wild, he sneeringly alludes to a certain class of critics, who would erect the John Bunyans and Daniel Defoes into the gods of an idolatry. The historian would himself peradventure substitute Dr. Lingard and Sharon Turner, his brother historians, or a pair of biblical critics, or high Dutch commentators. There are critics who measure an author's works by the company he keeps, or the clothes he wears. We suspect Mr. Hallam to be one of them, who would treat Sir Harris Nicholas or the head of a college with unfeigned respect, but not allow himself to be ensnared into the *vulgar* society at Lamb's Wednesday evening parties, where Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Godwin, Hunt, and a host of the most brilliant men of the age, met to converse freely, like men, and not like literateurs or namby-pamby followers of noble lords.

The history of English literature alone is much too comprehensive a subject for any one man. Mr. D'Israeli, who advertised his intention of attempting it, has been wisely disappointed. The curiosities of literature he has a more real love of, than for the simple beauties of prose or poetry. He might have compiled merely a collection of rare facts and curious fragments, valuable for their suggestive matter to the student, but quite inadequate for a philosophical history of literature. The best criticisms are contained in classic lives, in letters, and the ablest review articles, in the lectures of Hazlitt, and the essays of Lamb and Leigh Hunt. With these writers Mr. Hallam may in no wise compete, and we trust he will follow the bent of his natural inclinations, in turning over state papers and government documents, and display his peculiar ability in sifting the measures of a party, and following up the consequences of a bill or a statute. For literary criticism, his cold temperament and negative taste are ill adapted. They incline him to look on the frank relation of an author's feelings as offensive egotism, and wholly obscure his perception of characteristic individuality or marked personal traits.

J.

MESMERISM.

IN that cave, to which the human mind has been likened, the light that serves for use, turned aside, often traces upon the walls the appearances of horrid shades and ugly monsters. It would almost seem, that the brighter the truth, the more dark the accompanying error. Where the tropical sun pours his zenith strength on the great desert, his untamed rays, distorted by their own strength, cause the vision to be filled with a green and verdant land of waving trees and smiling fields, and cool fountains arched by the Druid's temple; but weary miles of thirsty travel teach its error to the deceived sense. So, deep in that holy place of the soul, whence springs her light, namely, her ideas of God, and her own deathlessness, freedom and judgment to come, there issue likewise, dark shadows, dreadful dreams, foreboding fancies. This soul, as she speaks in self-contemplation of her immortality, shudders like a Pythoness, at the solemn echoes and the grandeur of the infinite oracle, which brings thousands of meanings to the finite conception. While with that word which announces her freedom, comes the whisper of pride, *eritis sicut Dei*, and man is self-intoxicated.

The inward activity filling our thoughts would build up its own world, and fall finally foul of its own laws of thinking as tyrannous infringements upon the mighty mind. The activity that is outward, might merge the mind into an equality with its own impressions, a product alone of the mass of visible things. The invisible Law-giver has fixed this mental equator, and while blindness and inattention heedlessly crossing wander over Aleian fields, it serves as a sure and certain limit to earnest seekers after truth and a knowledge of their own natures, while the senses might dangerously lead into theories of D'Holbach and Condorcet, making the mind a mechanical effect, and dependent on a curious array of its own impressions, falsely styled atoms. So self-contemplation is the fountain whence comes mysticism, thaumaturgy, the exercise of charms, prophecyings, the desire to make a portion of Brahma. Hence Chaldean astrology, Thessalian witchcrafts, Rosicrucian dreams, Swedenborgian correspondences, and the delusions of Mesmerism. The mind, considered as a pure activity, and that intelligences can operate upon each other without stint or

limit, forms a labyrinth, where erring fancies may wander forever in company with fabled monsters of their creation. But truth gives us a clue like that given to Theseus by his star-crowned bride, and monster and labyrinth are readily vanquished.

Considered from its most fundamental doctrine, as well as the character of its cognate arts, Mesmerism springs from this proposition: the human intellect is the source of illimitable activity. It is perfectly useless, coming with this absurdity, this lie in the face of reason, to find out excuses and apologies for Mesmerism; to tell us, be not prejudiced against Mesmerism though Anthony Mesmer was a knave, a charlatan, and a debauchee; to exhibit to us his wealth and splendid resources of knavery, the gorgeous sitting room, its tapestries of rich purple, casting a luxurious light, the cushions soft and sleep-inviting, the spirits of mandragora and poppy twined by chemic power around their flowery borders, the swell of deep, solemn, distant music, as it breathes soft as a dream of love upon the sense, waving as the outline of yonder swelling column, proportioned like the form of sleeping Dryad, while the haze of Arabian spice, myrrh and frankincense, is all around. This, we are told, is the antechamber to the temple of truth; and this youth, framed like Ganymede, is to introduce us into the innermost shrine of the Goddess. Forbear! the alluring sensualism leads only the path to idle dreams, fond illusions, to the sumptuous house of madness, despair and wo, the portion of those that peep into forbidden arts, that seek out for themselves familiar spirits; with curious lustful appetites they embrace a cloud, but find the torturing wheel of unsatisfied curiosity their continual portion. Be not prejudiced, though Anthony Mesmer, a worthy descendant of Simon Magus, did sell his new process of revealing truths and healing sickness; we will not profane the page by calling this fancied art what its admirers call it, and make the case of Magus and Mesmer identical. Do not be prejudiced, though Anthony Mesmer got little foundling Mesmers out of his Mesmerizees. Follow these itinerant philosophers, his successors, with their stool doves taken from the stews, making new recruits for the stews in return, and find out excuses for the great Mesmer's little frailties. Be not prejudiced, though these philosophers claim a spiritualization for themselves beyond yours. With all its professions of grandeur, it still re-

minds one of the ingenious artist who adapts the last medicament of the state to refractory necks, crying out with master Abhorson in the play, "Ay, sir, our mystery." But if you will intrust character, virtue and wit, to their keeping, they are trusty as Astolpho, and will bear your reason about with perfect comfort to you, as they boast; and if you can submit to their horrid orgies, they can carry it in a small brown paper package, no bigger than that in which haberdashers tie up parcels of tape. It will not require an urn like that which contains Orlando's.

"Mercy guard me !

Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver."

Without desiring, then, to test the facts of Mesmerism by unnatural experimentalizings—which, as magnetizers themselves allow, are frequently followed by the fatuity of those who suffer them—let us take the facts proposed, and see in what respect they differ from other psychological phenomena, other lapses of consciousness, other wakenings of the vision-perceiving faculties of the mind. But let us carefully distinguish between facts, and deductions, wild and baseless, that run counter to the very laws of thought, and would obliterate the clearest truths, nay, subvert the doctrine of our identity, our consciousness, (as a leading observation, the fact on which metaphysic depends as a science,) the self-direction of the will, the laws of space, time, and sensation, and make our condition, that state a wise creator has ordained, "worse than worst of those uncertain lawless minds imagine, howling."

First among the facts brought forward, as the results of Mesmerism, are stupor and sleep; second the development of an unconscious, maddened or diseased perception and action. The first of these appearances is common to the bulk of mankind, every diurnal cycle of the sun; and the second, of dreams, is common. There is, too, a not unfrequent disease—so similar to the higher grades of Mesmerism, as to have given a name to them, and which name being changed as regards the Mesmeric conditions, the practitioners thereof propose to call auto-Mesmerism—that state in which persons wake, like lady Macbeth, and go about their ordinary occupations. What, then, are the causes of sleep, unconscious action and perception, besides this of magnetism?

Why, there are many such. The taking into the stomach drugs, as opium, bangué, alcoholic drinks, will produce sleep, unconsciousness, madness, sight-seeing. The exposure to the wind, to severe cold, to gentle rubbing by any physical or mechanical agent, to the warm bath, to electricity, both aerial and applied by machines will induce drowsiness and sleep. In many fevers and other diseases, dozing, sleep-walking and unconsciousness, are produced. Now, in these many conditions, wherein is there that cause which thus takes reason prisoner? One thing is plain, that the cause must, in every case, be outside of the mind; the presence of opium, of any physical agent, if—mediately or not—the cause, is thus external; and in the ordinary condition of healthy sleep, is there any indication of its being brought about by the mind itself? Try sedulously to sleep, force with all the powers of your will, and you find by the experiment (if the statement of the proposition that the exercise of a faculty can cause the exercise to cease, action to suspend its own activity, fails to convince) how little volition can do toward sleep. Natural sleep, as well as that induced by physical operations and medicaments affecting the bodily and vegetative functions, seems to result, in every instance, from some state of the vital system which differs altogether from the thinking essence, since that, unaltered, abides the wreck and decay of the body. Sleep is of the body. But the Mesmeric sleep is different in its cause; the strong will of another exerts its power, and the man is wrapt in a new slumber, a newly invented cloak of entire human fabrication. Mr. Townsend says, in his recent publication, "In Mesmerism, then the influence of man is always the proper antecedent, the state of Mesmeric sleep waking the proper consequent. Will any one declare that external causes have nothing whatever to do with the production of the Mesmeric state? yet this he must affirm, before he can consistently class Mesmerism with self-originating states of mind or body. In vain, therefore, is the Mesmeric sleep likened to, or identified with, natural sleep waking, hypochondriasis, catalepsy, &c. for it differs in one most important particular from any of these states; it is consequent upon external influence; it is induced, and that—whatever intermediate machinery may be set in motion—by the agency of man." *

* Townsend's Facts in Mesmerism, p. 91.

Are the sleep and the dreams brought on an eastern votary by his opium, self-originated? Can he grow poppies to waft him to the paradise of Houris in his own proper brain, and cheat his tavern-keeper? or is not the immediate cause an external one, namely, a lump of opium taken into the stomach, mixed with the blood, and put in close juxtaposition with the living fibre, but never making a part of that which perceives? Are not, in all the cases of narcotics, external causes put in action by the agency of man? We cannot conceive of disease without conceiving at the same time of its cause, and that, too, outside the mind, for what is natural is no disease; the defects that come from the original essence of the mind, as they are incurable, so they have no increase in malignity; they are its health. But this sleep differs from all other in this, that the resolve of a human will is the only cause inducing it. If this were so, men might become magnetized by friends in the antipodes; distance affects not resolves, any more than loves; space nor time could set a limit to the free function of the will; men would fall asleep incontinently when their distant friends thought of them. But the frictions and ticklings must be used as adjuncts, say the Mesmerisers. Then, if they must be the necessary antecedents, the physical appliances are the more immediate causes of this sleep; they take the place of the opium, the bague, or the brandy, more clearly since your will, pulling with all force, cannot put to sleep yourself, or your correspondent a hundred miles off, unless by a drowsy letter or narcotic package despatched by mail. The argument, then, stands thus; that frictions and a resolve of the will—and frictions are mostly thus accompanied—have power to lull to sleep. The will alone cannot produce sleep; hence the true cause is the physical mean, and rubbing by a machine is as effectual as the hand. But how does it ever happen that the will affects another? its influence appears mighty, even to change the essence of the soul, and yet it may have no more than the plant of corn has in moulding the shape of its neighboring plant, though similar in blade, stalk and ear, each to the other.

In what modes, then, is it possible for one mind to have a power over another. By physical means, as these magnetisers employ in their juggles. The blow may strike, the sword may cut, but the body only suffers; the soul is yet impassive and unaffected, the attacks prove only that the steel is too

sharp, the poison too bitter for the tender fibres, the shrinking nerves of the flesh. But words of divine philosophy, of startling eloquence, can effect a change; they can make the eye sparkle, alter the life, turn the tide of passion, and fashion the mind as old Tubal Cain his clod of massy iron. What are instruments of the teachings of reason, the vehicles of passionate oratory? Words, signs, symbols of ideas. If the original feeling has never been felt, the word strikes the listener's ear and awakens no memory of the past; or if it do, it is a false one, as though the rustling wind should seem to utter a connected strain of music. Oratory, speech and reasoning, depend, then, upon an arbitrary set of signs, arranged between two to express common ideas, as they conjecture; and if a word or a sign be used for an idea never reached by judgment, a perception the senses have never recognized, it falls like the sound of an unknown tongue, and is met by the empty puzzled wonder of the hearer alone. Words, then, are but suggestions to memory, and minds correspond only on the hypothesis, that the sensations and ideas are parallel in each to those of another. But where is the source of love and good feeling between parent and child, friends and spouses? We would not explain it away, but would resolve it into the love of virtue and goodness. The soul never can be seen—but the pre-supposition of good thoughts attributed to another can awaken sympathy and love to that unknown whose image is cast darkly on the glass of the mind, to whom we are attracted in like manner, though in different degree, as to flower, cloud or sky, and whose loved attributes are but the shades we conceive, the good imaginations we can call up, the infinite types of the divine intelligence. In all experience, then, the thoughts of one human intelligence never can be incorporated with another. Thought is but self-change, and magnetism alone would introduce its ravings contrary to the course of all mental experience. Thus is magnetism probable only if we deny all the previous course of mental inductions. Oh the virtuous Mesmer, the liar and charlatan, and the weak-minded unconscious subjects of his art—weak-minded people are easiest made clairvoyants—form a crowd of witnesses willing, aye credible to swear down the whole world full of what they call merely negative testimony. Listen to the virtues that a currying the hide can bring forth, if done by the practiced hand of a Mesmer, the conclusive evidence of the truth of the asser-

tions of clairvoyants. Stray linen and errant spoons will now be found out—mainprised garments be reduced to their proper custodians. The oracles of the seive and shears are now obsolete. “Separated from the usual action of the senses the mind appears to gain juster notions, to have quite a new sense of spiritual things, and to be lifted nearer to the fountain of all good and of all truth. The great indication of this elevated state of feeling is, a horror of falsehood, which I found common to all sleep wakers.”* Scoffers beware!—liar Mesmer has opened the source of truth.

Upon these deductions and ravings of crazed devotees, Mr. Townsend attempts to build a system of Mesmeric metaphysic. Instead of relying upon natural credulity, he would, less cunningly than the previous disciples of this all-faith-worthy science, show its rationality. Now if the reasoning upon which the system is founded oppose the laws of human thought, the axioms of the mind, and universal truths, the scheme is of necessity absurd and impossible. We trust we have shown its improbability already.

On the subject of consciousness, Mr. Townsend tells us, consciousness may be divided into “simple consciousness, that is to say, the mind’s action in those absent and dreaming moods where much thought is accompanied by no reflection, and is succeeded by no memory of the subject of its meditation. Retrospective consciousness: the mind’s action when it passes through a series of former thoughts and sensations, without making them objects of scrutiny. Introspective consciousness: the mind’s action when self-regardant. It is distinguished from mere memory in two marked particulars. It immediately succeeds the thought, on which it casts a reflective glance, and it has ourselves for its object. It is a state in which thought and observation of thought succeed each other so rapidly, and with such even alternation, as to seem identical.”†

The last of these states, so recorded and accurately divided, seems to be the result of a healthy action of the mind. Is there consciousness where there is no memory, no reflection? But our search has nothing to do with Mr. Townsend’s theories. The substance of his fancied art we would

* Townsend’s *Facts in Mesmerism*, p. 117.

† Townsend’s *Facts*, p. 204.

find and test. Introspective consciousness, then, is where perception or judgment is followed by the Cartesian axiom, I think, I am. This thinking unit, existing by itself, has experienced a change; the change has roused it to a sense of existence, a knowledge of its individual unalterable oneness. At page 208, we are told Mesmerisers lose introspective consciousness; hence that they lose view of themselves, they become deranged, the memory is no longer sound. It is said they cannot read, for they forget the letters of the first syllable while mastering the second. To get anything out of them, the question must be put, What do you see now? and why is this? Mr. Townsend tells us, "There will be no obstacle to our subscribing to a proposition which goes far to explain and reconcile the antithetical phenomena of Mesmerism, namely, that the conditions of ordinary sensation are only restored to Mesmeric sleep wakers through their Mesmerizer."* There will exist this slight obstacle, that persons will not allow that it is reasonable for them to use other people's eyes, ears and nostrils, while they possess duplicate patterns of all those organs in their own right, or that an annihilation of the mind can exist for a time, and that two souls can be one now and then two again, that a thought can be perceived, a sensation felt in another's mind by self-consciousness, that identity can be juggled away by deductions drawn from sleepy, dozing, unconscious replies of artificial madwomen. And can dependence be placed on the answers of those, whose memories are treacherous even to the questions propounded, the ordinary signs of language, the impressions instantaneously preceding? Again, there appears to be an inability to account, on the supposition that the Mesmeriser pervades the mind of the Mesmerisee, for that sometimes she raves of things that have entered not into the mind of the operator, or even that of any intelligent being. Here the answer is obvious—the soul of divinity is comprehended by the poor dreamer: presto, she is a prophetess, and gifted with omniscience; an easy, a satisfactory mode, of accounting for her prescience. To the question, do you hear Mr. Cantbelieve? the answer is, I only hear you, Mr. Townsend. But Mr. Townsend hears the inquiry: if you live and think in him, you can hear what he does:—if you can see things

* Townsend's Facts, p. 150.

thousands of miles off, and retail conversations passing hundreds of leagues in distance from you, why are you deaf to that in the same room? Why, Mr. Cantbelieve is a skeptic, and out of the sphere of our mystery. As regards this Mesmeric perception, Mr. Townsend says, that there are evidently but two ways of perceiving objects; the one by being present to them in their essential verity, the other by communication with them through the intervention of types or shadows. The first mode of perception belongs to God alone. But the Mesmeriser does not perceive but by forming a part of the nature of things. How profane, how awful, are deductions from Mesmeric philosophizings. At one time Anna M— is Mr. Townsend, at another the object of man's devotion. The creature is a portion of the creator. Impious and scandalous are the results of unnatural experiments, as might be supposed. God is made an aerial vehicle, a dray horse, to bear ideas to be reviewed by Mesmerisers; he can be reflected from looking-glasses, and concentrated by a burning glass. Listen to the philosophizer. The medium of thought is thus described. "Undulatory, elastic, pervading in peculiar relation with the mind of man, it should seem so clearly to be identified with the medium spoken of in sensation. Already we have seen that, like heat, it can be imparted by one body to another, and that, like heat, it gradually leaves the body to which it is communicated. Some interesting experiments by Dr. Elliotson prove that, like light, it may be reflected from mirrors. A celebrated sculptor at Rome assured me that he had seen the experiment tried and verified on his own brother, by a nobleman, whose name it might be thought an impertinence in me to mention."

Of this pervading spirit Virgil finely, but like a heathen, thus sings, whence these heathenizing plagiarists have gotten their notions.

Principio cœlum ac terras, camposque liquentes,
 Lucentumque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra,
 Spiritus intus alit; totam que infusa per artus
 Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.
Ænead, lib. vi.

Here is the origin of the elastic medium of these spiritualists, and what interpretation can be put on it but that it is the Divinity? A kindred spirit, Cornelius Agrippa, has likewise, in his *Occulta Philosophia*, in such terms constituted

the soul. Ita patet immortalis anima per immortale corpusculum, videlicet, æthereum vehiculum, corpore clauditur cras-siore et mortali.

We are Christians; we believe not the jargon of the tempting spirit, ye shall be as gods; we believe in the resurrection of the body and the life of the world to come. We ask not for legislative enactments to restrain bad men from practicing these wickednesses, but we call on all thinking men to discard these absurdities, all good to avoid these impieties. Then this folly of our age will soon, like the recorded but neglected vagaries of previous times, be only a subject shrouded in oblivious neglect, to be disclosed only to contemptuous curiosity. Like the foam of a raging and agitated sea, it will remain for a time in some secret cave, and the next agitation of human thought will resolve it into a filthy stain on the walls and a few drops of dirty brine; while new irrationalisms will take its place, to convince alone of the wildness, the weakness, the fatuity, of man's misdirected activity.

A.

THE POETICAL REMAINS OF WINSLOW.*

FROM the materials furnished us by Bishop Doane, we propose to present a brief picture of the poet's life, as it is exhibited in his own writings and illustrated by the affectionate comments of his friends.

Winslow was born at Boston in 1815. His youth was remarkable for its willing obedience and docility, and the originality of his remarks. At four years old, he said to an aged relative, bent with years, "Aunt Sally, why do n't you *stoop backwards?*" There are worse things than this in the French *Ana*. At ten, he wrote respectable verses, showing no little exercise of imagination. His mother died when he was but six years old: and this may have been the most considerable

* The true Catholic Churchman, in his life, and in his death: The Sermons and Poetical Remains of the Rev. Benjamin Davis Winslow, A. M. To which is prefixed the Sermon preached on the Sunday after his decease, with notes and additional memoranda, by Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1841. 8vo. pp. 317.

event of his life. Her memory became to him a religion. It doubtless, gave a sense of spirituality to his piety, and probably determined his early inclinations to the Church. He could not have had a more sacred motive. It was one of the employments of his boyhood to read Cowper's lines to his mother's picture, and apply them to his own case. In his last days, he looked to death as a reunion with his parent. He became an enthusiastic student at Harvard, for which he ever retained a strong attachment; and from thence he passed to the New-York Theological Seminary. At this period, he wrote and published, chiefly, we believe, in the 'Churchman,' most of the verses preserved in the 'Remains.' We have, also, a few letters written at this time. From the latter, he appears a zealous Churchman. Of the world, with its variety of pursuits and pleasures, he seems never to have known much—his letters never wander from his immediate calling. He was not fond of letter-writing, and it must be said that he does not show, in the few specimens given us, any aptness for the pursuit. There is very little particularity, as evidence of any individuality of character. They are such letters as any commonplace young clergyman of pious feelings might easily furnish.—His poetry is the fit vehicle for his enthusiasm. In verse, he gives expression to the ardor of his feelings for the Church, and betrays the sentiment of a warm heart, nurtured in the stillness and seclusion of favorite studies. A youthful spirit sometimes whispered to him dreams of romance, as in the following fine poem.

THE LOVER STUDENT.

With a burning brow and weary limb,
From the parting glance of day,
The student sits in his study dim,
Till the east with dawn is gray;
But what are those musty tomes to him?
His spirit is far away.

He seeks, in fancy, the halls of light
Where his lady leads the dance,
Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,
Lit up by her sunny glance;
And he thinks of her the live-long night—
She thinketh of him—perchance!

Yet many a gallant knight is by,
To dwell on each gushing tone,
To drink the smile of that love-lit eye,
Which should beam on him alone;
To woo with the vow, the glance and sigh,
The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page,
And he grasps his well-worn pen,
That he may write him a lesson sage,
To read to the sons of men;
But softer lessons his thoughts engage,
And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise
At the vesper's solemn peal,
So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies
Which no angel forms reveal,
But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes
Mid his whispered prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur
To his little study dim,
In vain the notes of the vesper stir
In the cloister cold and grim;
Through the live-long night he thinks of her—
Doth his lady think of him?

Then up he looks to the clear cold moon,
But no calm to him she brings;
His troubled spirit is out of tune,
And loosened its countless strings;
Yet in the quiet of night's still noon
To his lady love he sings:

‘Thou in thy bower
And I in my cell,
Through each festal hour
Divided must dwell;
Yet we're united
Though forms are apart,
Since love's vows plighted
Have bound us in heart.

‘Proud sons of fashion
Now murmur to thee
Accents of passion,
All treason to me;
Others are gazing
On that glance divine;
Others are praising—
Are their words like *mine*?

‘Heed not the wooer
With soft vows exprest;
One heart beats truer—
Thou know’st in *whose* breast.
To him thou hast spoken
Words not lightly told;
His heart would be broken
If thine should grow cold!

‘The stars faintly glimmer
And fade into day,
This taper burns dimmer
With vanishing ray;
Oh never thus fading,
May fortune grow pale
With sorrow-clouds’ shading,
Or plighted faith fail!

‘Hush my wild numbers!
Dawn breaketh above—
Soft be thy slumbers,
Adieu to thee love!
Sad vigils keeping,
I think upon thee,
And dream of thee sleeping,
My own Melanie!’

Yet another of the few secular poems we must quote, before we turn to his sacred character. New York he never loved, if we may judge from his letters: and how could he? He heard only of its crime and evil; he knew nothing of its social resources, its activity, its endless means for the accomplishment of any end—and there are many pursued here in which he might have delighted—its literature, and he separated himself (wisely or not we cannot say) from its peculiar amusements. In prose he has not written so favorably of the city as in verse, but the spirit of poetry is the wiser. He does not write in the following lines, quite so much as a humanitarian, as we could have desired—he seems to think too little of man, but he remarks, the wide heavens are spread above the city as well as the fields.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CITY.

Out on the city’s hum!
My spirit would flee from the haunts of men,
To where the woodland and leafy glen
Are eloquently dumb.

These dull brick walls which span
My daily walks, and which shut me in ;
These crowded streets, with their busy din—
They tell too much of man.

O ! for those dear wild flowers,
Which in the meadows so brightly grew,
Where the honey-bee and blithe bird flew,
That gladden'd boyhood's hours.

Out on these chains of flesh !
Binding the pilgrim, who fain would roam,
To where kind nature hath made her home,
In bowers so green and fresh.

But is not nature here ?
From these troubled scenes look up and view
The orb of day, through the firmament blue,
Pursue his bright career.

Or, when the night-dews fall,
Go watch the moon, with her gentle glance
Flitting over that clear expanse—
Her own broad star-lit hall.

Mortal the earth may mar,
And blot out its beauties one by one ;
But he cannot dim the fadeless sun,
Or quench a single star.

And o'er the dusky town,
The greater light that ruleth the day,
And the heav'nly host, in their bright array,
Look gloriously down.

So mid the hollow mirth,
The din and strife of the crowded mart ;
We may ever lift up the eye and heart
To scenes above the earth.

Blest thought, so kindly given !
That though he toils with his boasted might,
Man cannot shut from his brother's sight
The things and thoughts of Heaven !

He was next ordained a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the love of her ritual and discipline had long been an independent trait of his character. We are told that he now relinquished poetry for the immediate practical part of his profession—he once, afterwards, returned to it ; some of his last thoughts on his bed of illness,

almost unconsciously, shaped themselves into verse. But his life, it was finely remarked, was a psalm.

The greater portion of the volume of the 'Remains' is taken up with his sermons which belong to this period. We have looked in vain in them for any remarkable illustrations of character. But we have no right to ask more of Winslow than from others. The pulpit dwells chiefly in generalities. Its tone is vague and monotonous. Most sermons are wanting in appropriateness and distinction of language. They lack individuality of life and character, and hence of writing. There are no gradations of passion, no limits of style. The naturalness and variety in the exhibition of feeling, so winning in the other walks of literature, we never meet with at church. The preacher speaks on topics to which there is the key in every man's breast, yet how few are moved! They tell us of many impenitent hearers, forgetting the number of incompetent preachers. We want originality, not novelty, in the pulpit: the truths uttered there are good enough, but in the expression of them how much more justness, nicety and feeling, might there be displayed? What fine alternations there should be of solemn dignity and grandeur for the lofty passages, of meek pathos and soul-subduing sentiment for the gentle lessons, of the New Testament! We seek not the light graces of literature in the pulpit; but we ask for a manly, well proportioned oration. We see not why a Christian preacher should argue the cause of his religion, in less welcome terms than a statesman pleads for his country. We do not invite the use, even, of the best profane models, though they ought never to be rejected; but we recommend the eloquence of St. Paul, who, in his resources, and the skill with which he uses them, fairly rivals Demosthenes. In the absence of a just style of preaching, we are more strongly moved by writings, so called, profane, than by the professed declamatory appeals and ill-adapted morality of the pulpit. The best sermons are those not called by that name; the death of Le Fevre, the pathos of Mackenzie, the severe moral penetration of Carlyle, the domestic nature of Jean Paul, the hymns of Wordsworth. Nay, is not every man's life his best sermon? Why have we not a more exact reflection of this in the pulpit?

In the sermons of Winslow, there are occasional passages of enthusiasm rising to eloquence, and there are instances of particularity in his appeals, that come home to the life; but

in their general texture, there is nothing to except them from the prevailing feebleness of this class of compositions.

We have now left to us but a sad task to perform, and we shall perform it briefly. It is to relate the narrative of death. Alas! how many of our poets have died young, There are Drake, and Brainerd, and Sands, and Eastburn, and Griffin—whom of them all Winslow most resembled. The history of American genius might almost be written in a series of obituaries of youth. Were those who within the brief present century have died untimely now alive, there would be no complaint of the poverty of American writers. It is for us only to do honor to their names. Let the spirit in which Winslow met death be recorded in a single anecdote. When he was suffering under disease and knew that each hour of his life was numbered and that he could live no longer for earth, he still pursued his studies with his Greek and Hebrew Bible. "Why not improve the mind?" said he, "it is immortal."

In the twenty-fifth year of his age, in the blessing of his friend and Bishop, he died, his expiring breath animated by the solemnities of the Christian church. He calmly traced on his cold brow the sign of the Cross. The Bishop pronounced over him the benediction, "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." He answered, "Amen." The Bishop added, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." He turned his eyes to heaven and pointed upwards—his last gesture.

Such was the death of a Christian Poet, whom we delight to honor.

D

SATIRE AND SENTIMENT.

SATIRE and sentiment represent the extreme opposite poles of conversation and authorship; the tendency of the first being to bitterness, and of the second, to affectation. The love of scandalous gossip is the offspring and bond of fashionable society, as weak sentimentality results from an

unnatural refinement of the feelings. In their natural and healthy state, both of these faculties of censure and compassion, of raillery and sympathy, are of the utmost importance to society as well as to individuals; but we oftener find the instinctive appetite for both depraved, rather than indulged to a proper and satisfactory limit. As the virtue of censure may so soon become debased into the vice of lampoon, and delicate generosity gradually descend into ephemeral sensibility, some line of distinction appears necessary to mark the province and duties of each.

Honest satire, from a writer or speaker of worth, provoked by meanness or inflamed by dishonesty, serves as one of the strongest checks upon folly and crime. Without it the world would run mad. Next to religion, it offers the surest moral restraint on the absurd conceits and wild passions of man. Nay, many who affect to despise religion, dread the sharp pen of the satirist, when he has truth and justice on his side. Even the eminent, who are not endued with strength of will or intellectual courage, are too often deterred from praiseworthy actions by the dread of personal ridicule. Pope says of himself as a satirist—and the world has never seen a better—that they who feared not God, were still afraid of him: and this was written without presumption or hastiness. But is satire always honest? Is it so, generally? We suspect the answer would be decidedly in the negative. Instead of correction of abuses, we meet abuse itself; in place of truth, we hear scandal; for general censure, we read personalities; we find bigotry where we should enlarged views.

The same holds true with regard to sentiment. By dwelling too much on the kind impulses that prompt to friendship and love among equals, and to compassion and assistance towards inferiors in fortune and station, the sensitive part of our natures overlays the practical. We write pathetically or talk like Howard, but refuse the aid common humanity expects us to bestow. Excessive indulgence of feeling paralyzes the active powers, and frequently unfits one, however charitably inclined, for the offices of charity. The moral influence of satire, pursued to a more than ordinary extent and without just intentions, is to embitter the heart. Few satirists have been kind-hearted men. The pen of the satirist is dipt in gall, and his fierce denunciations flow too often from a malicious disposition. Even light, airy ridicule, may come from the depths of a sore and wounded spirit, and of which

it may serve as the cloak. Most writers of satire—those eminent chiefly for that peculiar talent—have been disappointed men, or somehow unfortunately placed in the world. A crooked back in Pope, a club-foot in Byron, and even slighter personal defects, have fretted many a noble spirit. Poverty, too, first animated the powers of Johnson, and sustained the keen rebukes of Churchill. Swift's ill success at court, and Walpole's luxurious leisure—the extremes of fortune—sour-ed the one, and rendered the other flippant, cold, and unfeeling. And if we knew the exact personal history of the prominent satirists, we should learn how greatly their intellectual powers were modified by the mischances of life or the uncertainties of fortune. Scorn and scoffing, in turn, react upon the writer and produce ill effects in unhinging the whole harmony of the faculties and affections. The hard heart and the skeptical head, the unbelief in goodness and the triumph over the destruction of even the most criminal, are the natural fruits of this same satirical spirit.

A mere sentimentalist, again, is nearly as bad. His refinements as well as those of the satirist, serve to harden the heart, though in a different and more plausible way. His object is, to make a heart in the head; to change the sensitive into the intellectual part of our nature, and to make reflective ideas stand for genuine emotions. Authors have in this way been guilty to a great degree. How much false pity have not their books engendered! How thoroughly they have managed, by their soft tales of woe, to petrify the affections! Strange paradox, yet a true report. This whining sort of philosophy, in time grows into a levity of character and utter indifference. Objects of compassion are only regarded as objects of speculation, not as objects of charity. They are considered as topics for ingenious lectures and the boast of analytic skill. A painter looks at a beggar for his picturesqueness, his rags, and colored skin, and forlorn air: the moral anatomist prefers to read an affecting description of him: the philanthropist alone offers him aid as a suffering fellow-creature.—Practical benevolence is thus made the test of fine sentiment; all else is little better than an intellectual grace, and the cunning refinements of an elegant courtier. This alone, sentiment is generally found; and, hollow though it be, it throws a nameless charm over the sternest characters, and gilds, as with the rays of a mild moon, the brilliances of wit and repartee.

Human nature is commonly viewed, by speculative wri-

ters and in conversation, either in the dignity of a lofty elevation, or else in the degradation of a contemptible spirit. This opposition of tastes has given rise to the very different forms of satirical and sentimental description. A turn to either of these is always determined by the character of the writer or speaker, himself. His sentiment forms, generally, the best picture of his own mind; as a man's actions best represent his individual temper.

In conversation, satire bears the palm, as the love of gossip is universal, and, indeed, forms the strongest bond of what is called fashionable society.—Take away from that charmed circle its bitterness, its jealousies, its scandalous reports, its mean bickerings, its spirit of scorn, its self-suffering, its real emptiness, and what do you leave behind? Abuse well-spiced, falsehoods well-told, a want of charity handsomely set off, are they not the prime talents of the leaders of fashion? In books, too, nothing passes off so well, now-a-days, as a lively relation of personal history, and the domestic manners of the great vulgar. Sentiment is excluded from the very strictest circles of fashion, as too grave and serious. It cannot—such as it is, for the most part—withstand the attacks of ridicule and ironical eulogium. It takes refuge in the blue stocking circles; not in the company of real scholars or authors of genius, but amongst literary pretenders, and without learning or ability.

The most popular authors deal in the extremes of ridicule and pathos; they alternately employ jibes or tears, to awaken fear or move to pity. It may be noticed, however, that the common herd of men respect most those they dread. They get to despise those who appeal to their compassion. “We gain the respect of mankind by exposing their vices. We are rewarded with their contempt by dwelling on their good qualities. Swift is feared, hated and esteemed; Mackenzie is liked, pitied and despised.” These instances apply more correctly to the voice of contemporary critics.—They finally courted the Dean, though they left Mackenzie to drag out the last years of his life, poor and forgotten.

Satire is hence more generally appreciable than sentiment, as it appeals to a lower range of faculties, an inferior class of minds. Indignation is a commoner feeling than pity. We hate more heartily—taking the world in general—than we commiserate. Satire is more palpable than sentiment;

applies oftener to personal than mental defects; is better gratified with ridicule of dress and manner, than with contempt of character or abilities. More fear the satirist than love the philanthropist; as a greater number are to be found who apprehend the sting of the wasp, than of those who admire the notes of the dove.

Sentiment, the simpler it is the better: satire must be fine to cut deep. A coarse and bitter satirist, who mangles while he "whips" abuses, is a mere butcher; a delicate censor is like a skilful surgeon, who probes the moral gangrene only to heal it the more completely. The finer satire is, the more lasting, though more indirect, its effects. The broader and rougher satire is, the more opposition it provokes, and the less benefit it affords. Elaborate sentiment is harsh and cold. The old ballad writers held this spirit in perfection; they were simple, because natural. The modern parlor poets, the sentimental song writers of the day, are full of frigid conceits and turgid ornaments. Compare Moore with Burns—the last of the old minstrels—and you may see the difference between true feeling and affected emotion. Moore endeavors to create a sensation among his audience; Burns, to touch the heart of the reader or singer;—of the sentimental talker of fashion, Joseph Surface is a fair specimen, eternally moralizing and making reflections upon trivialities. This is the true fashionable pedantry, more contracted than that of the scholar and antiquary.

True sentiment, the offspring of natural feeling and intelligent judgment, is the sure bond of friendship and love, for what is love but the purest and highest of all sentiments? which is only such in its essence, when wholly detached from all thoughts of a sensual description. The highest love is the noblest sentiment,—self-denying, exalted, sincere. Next to that sublime emotion, and perhaps more lasting—where really constant at all—is generous friendship, of which, though the longer we live the more incredulous we become, yet which, when we do find it firm, we revere as the noblest passion that can fill the breast of humanity.

As to the requisites for writers in these departments: Satire requires intellectual acuteness; sentiment, a refinement and nicety of thought. There is a sentiment of the head—already referred to—current among authors: there is a sentiment of the heart, native to philanthropists. There is a commoner sort still, the sentiment of conversation. To be

a witty satirist, requires a keen understanding. To become a tolerable sentimental writer, a goodly quantity of interjections. In books, to be a strong satirist, demands greater force of intellect: to write delicate sentiment calls for ingenuity of perception and delicacy of taste. Sentiment requires an author with a certain effeminacy of thought and style, like Marmontel, who, in his memoirs, confesses the effect of female society and conversation on his writings. Satire, on the other hand, is masculine, and braces the powers of the intellect.

Sentiment is of three kinds: plain, honest, manly, simple—the outbursting of an uncorrupted heart—or, graceful and refined, cultivated by education, elevated by society, purified by religion; or else of that magnificent and swelling character, such as fills the breast of the patriot and the genuine philanthropist. The sentiment of old Izaak Walton—to take examples from books—answers to the first: the sentiment of Mackenzie and Sterne, to the second: the sentiment of Wordsworth, and Burke, and Shakespeare, to the third.

In the character of a complete gentleman, satire should occupy no position of consequence: it should be held subordinate to the higher principles and nobler sentiments. A desire to diminish and ridicule is meaner than the ambition “to elevate and surprise.” It is even more agreeable to find eulogy in excess, than censure. A boaster ranks above a tattler, and a vain-glorious fellow is always better received than a carking, contemptible depreciater.—Easy, pleasant raillery is ~~not~~ the thing we mean, but a cold, malicious, sneering humor, a turn for degrading and vitiating every thing. Sentiment, in its purity, which continually leans to the ideal of perfection, is to be cherished,—a remnant of Christian chivalry,—as the fit ornament of the accomplished gentleman;—an ornament like that promised in the Book of Proverbs to the good son, “an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck.” J.

THE WANTS OF MAN.*

AS a statesman and friend of the public good, we certainly entertain a becoming respect for the venerable ex-President: a certain measure of critical incredulity might be therefore justly allowed us in forming an estimate of his poetical undertakings. The poem before us, if not praiseworthy in execution, is at least meritorious in the circumstances of its production; having been written, as appears by a note prefixed, in behalf of twenty-five young ladies of the Ogle District, who had applied for the autograph of Mr. Adams. Twenty-five distinct drafts on the bank of the Muses has the illustrious member from Massachusetts made, to satisfy the very laudable anxiety of his amiable young country-women; and in twenty-five stanzas has he set forth the "wants of man,"—a moderate compass, one would suppose, for so wide a subject—but in which the distinguished author has succeeded in accumulating a very respectable burthen of appetites, desires and longings: canvass backs and a spacious lodging for the body—with servants attending—not forgotten. The poem is in fact no less than a grand metrical proclamation to the whole country of the physical and metaphysical condition of the venerable author's soul at the age of seventy; and affords a curious spectacle, as showing with what vigor certain passions and cravings, supposed to be the chronic affections of youth, may survive to a hale and ripe old age.

* "JOHN Q. ADAMS is one of the intellectual prodigies whose characters distinguish ERAS of time. An hundred years hence I doubt whether the American annals will show more than two names—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and GEORGE WASHINGTON—brighter than that of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Mr. Adams is now 74 years old, but years have made no impression upon his intellect. Mr. MORGAN, whose seat in the House is next to that of Mr. Adams, has obtained for me, with permission to publish in the Journal, a copy of the Poem which I enclose. It was written in July, 1840, under these circumstances: Gen. Ogle informed Mr. Adams that several young ladies in his District had requested him to obtain Mr. A.'s Autograph for them. In accordance with this request Mr. Adams wrote the following beautiful Poem upon "*The Wants of Man*," each stanza upon a sheet of Note Paper. What American young lady would not set a precious value upon such an Autograph from the illustrious Statesman."—*Washington Correspondence of the Alb. Eve. Jour.*

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvass backs and wine :
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire ;
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace ;
And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
A massive marble pile ;
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine ;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine ;—

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought :
And sandal-wood and bamboo cane
For chairs and tables bought,
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of thrice gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

These are scarcely the inspired wishes and lofty conceptions of a life devoted to statesmanship ; the meek lessons from the lips of Nestor to the coming generation of youth. Man has a body as well as a spirit, and it is one of the blessings of modern civilization that the wants of the body are attended with all the refinements of art and the skill of the most practiced physicians—to the great benefit and welfare of the spirit. With the appliances of modern life, an invalid may be stronger than a giant in the savage state. All this we remember—and we are friends to comfort and home—and it is because we are friends to real ease and happiness of living, that we do not relish the uncomfortable, school girls' idea of pleasure, shadowed

forth in these remarkable longings. We once heard of an apprentice who took to his bed and sighed for pomegranates till he was rewarded with jalap. Who does not remember the remarkable wishes of Mrs. Pickle and the discomfiture of Commodore Trunnion?

We like the relish of life and the warm feeling of humanity with which a man of strong physical susceptibilities wraps himself up in various allowable luxuries. Every genuine man is, at times, a Sancho Panza—provident of dinner, and rejoiced unutterably at scenes like Camacho's wedding, as well as a Don Quixote, the lover of his kind, and the spiritual dreamer in his inner life. We enjoy Cowper's eulogy of coffee, Elia's sympathy with pig, and his lingering farewell to tobacco. It is a comfort to us to hear of a great man that he taps his snuff-box with a spirit; we taste the flavor of Dr. Johnson's twenty-fifth cup of tea fresh from the hands of Mrs. Thrall, and it is always an anecdote in point over the table that Buonaparte's favorite wine was Chambertin. We like, too, the luxuries of a home, though we would not presume to dignify it even in imagination with the name of a mansion. We have an unsatisfied desire for a house and trees and fountains and gardens. *Hoc erat in votis.* In this there is nothing amiss. The righteous soul of Milton, in a noble sonnet, dwells on the classic festivity of a Sabine farm. There are many enjoyable things a man may covet without infringement of the tenth commandment.

In poetry and the essay, we look for personalities, the reflection of the individual, and the picture comes home to our hearts as surely as it proceeds from the heart of the writer. But these splendid generalities have nothing to commend them. They affect us in a similar manner to the advertisements of Mr. George Robins, of auctioneering celebrity. Before his potent hammer, as a wand of enchantment, a small freehold in Devonshire is converted into a vale of Tempe; arches rise and rivers flow, mail-coach lines come to the door, the meadows fatten, the parlors are all that elegance could desire, the windows look over scenes of illimitable beauty, and the fortunate possessor is blest with "the potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." We should be sorry to deny Mr. Adams the praise of originality, but we must be pardoned if we suggest a faint recollection of the following stanza. It occurs, we believe,

in the unedited poetry published under the auspices of the late Bonfanti. Like Mr. Pease of the present day, Bonfanti kept a poet, and the newspapers were one choral song of fancy clocks, toys, perfumeries and amber. A respectable old lady in our presence once drew the happiest from her work bag, and selected the best voice of the company, the most youthful, for the pleasing entertainment of reading the same aloud on the hearth rug. * It was, to her, sweeter than Milton, or Shakespeare, or the song of Apollo. This is the verse of John Quincy Adams.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The Civet fragrance shall dispense,
And treasur'd sweets return ;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

The moralities of life follow ; but friendship, patriotism, and ambition, are not quite the proper retainers and successors of the Civet. The claims of religion are alluded to, in two closing stanzas—"a pennyworth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack."

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THE FINE ARTS.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MR. SIMPSON commenced the present season with the legitimate drama, supported by a fair stock company, and was successful. This says much for the efficiency of a good theatrical management. We have no great faith, as we have elsewhere stated, in the theatre now building itself up upon the legitimate drama. It is not likely to have a constant attraction, but as an important part of the stage performances it may be cultivated with success, and the commencement, as begun at the Park, is every way worthy of continuance.

The first performance of the season was the *Midsummer Night's Dream* ; and it was a bold attempt, to say nothing of the poetical heresy to bring it on the stage. The undertaking re-

minds one of the practice at the English Opera House in London. The larger theatres enjoy the monopoly of five act plays, so a very respectable tragedy is cut down to three, interpolated with singing, and passed off as a musical burletta. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* was played in four acts, and it would have been better in three. The plots and counterplots of Puck grew something tedious. Our worthy forefathers in Shakespeare's day could relish some very grave entertainments in the shape of masks and allegory, for which we moderns have no patience. We presume no one attended the theatre at the representation to enjoy the beauty of the poetry, or add to their appreciation of Shakespeare. The expectations of such, if such there were, were dashed by the first announcement of the bills,—the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of poetry was heralded as "a grotesque comedy." But as a melo-dramatic, musical piece, the play went off indifferently well. It is true, there was not a saying capitally well said, or a speech remarkably well delivered, the whole evening. Mr. Fredericks, whom we regret to see again on the boards—for his affected blank delivery threatens to overpower many a tragedy—spoiled some fine poetry in *Theseus*; Clarke, who, in his younger days, must have played to empty benches, for he always comes on the stage with a look of amazement at the sight of an audience, had nothing in common with *Demetrius*, except that *Demetrius* is a troublesome fellow in the play, and Clarke is unpleasant on the stage; Wheatley looked well as *Lysander*—he has improved of late—his voice is more mellow, he is less spiteful and vehement, has substituted ease of manner for the emphasis of a scowl, though he has yet something to learn in the way of moderation. Miss Cushman is a good actress, and acted *Oberon*. The appearances of the "hard handed men of Athens"—*Bottom*, and *Peter Quince*, *Starveling*, the tailor, and *Snug*, the joiner—formed the most characteristic and only satisfactory scenes of the whole. The acting here was farcical and grotesque, like the play, and strictly within the scope of the stage. *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* by itself would still form a very respectable interlude. Here were the very characters that Shakespeare dressed up in ridicule of the private entertainments of his day. Wall, with his coat of rough cast, *Moonshine*, with brush, lanthorn and dog, and the memorable prologue of *Nick Bottom*, the weaver. Williams took the part of *Bottom*—not the bustling, humorous character we had conceived, but equally good in another way. He was the very essence of vulgarity and conceit, full of a perking insolence and ill-concealed uneasiness to be every thing. The curiosity of play-goers was gratified at the end of a week, and the play withdrawn.

A succession of old fashioned stage plays succeeded, respect-

ably acted. *The Poor Gentleman*, *The Heir at Law*, *Wild Oats* and the *Beaux Stratagem*, the last of which was perhaps the strongest trial of the strength of the company. This held its own by the humor of Farquhar rather than the talent of the company. Williams, who has most humor, was too much of the buffoon and overacted the part even of *Scrub*, which is broad enough in itself. Browne is an actor of more judgment, with a better theatrical conception of character, and played *Archer*; but this is the character of a gentleman, a character as such, the gentleman by profession and courtesy, extinct in real life and only to be recalled on the stage by Charles Mathews among the present race of actors—who possesses the indefinable grace and gentleness of the part. Latham is an unequal general actor, though his oddity gives him the lead in some parts, as *Dr. Pangloss*. Mons. Foigard only made us regret the absence of *Power*. Bellamy acted *Sullen*, a sulky sot represented to the life. Fisher wanted solidity and robustness of humor for the part of *Boniface*. He was too thin and shallow in his jests. Wheatley's *Aimwell* was very respectable. Mrs. Wheatley had little to do, at which we were disappointed, for she looked the very picture of *Lady Bountiful*. The Misses Cushman contrasted favorably together. Mrs. Knight as *Cherry* acquitted herself satisfactorily, and pretty Mrs. Pritchard lost none of her good looks in *Gipsey*.

Mr. Hackett has appeared and repeated his usual characters. He is always welcome. His *Falstaff* is one of the standard performances of the stage; as near, perhaps, the ideal character—which the stage can never reach—as we are ever likely to see it represented. He attempted also the part of *O'Callaghan*, in *Power's* acting piece of *His Last Legs*. Mr. Hackett might have succeeded in this, either as a reminiscence, a direct imitation of *Power*—in which he might almost have drawn tears from the audience—or as an entirely original character. *O'Callaghan* is a poor foot ball of fortune who might be of any country. Mr. Hackett gave his own version of the Irishman—a new character entirely for him—and was not successful; though we know no one can have a better enjoyment of the part or conception of it. To us the effect was melancholy. The tones of poor *Power's* voice seemed to hang about the house.

The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

This brings our narrative to the present moment. Mr. Barry is engaged in bringing out the play of *London Assurance*, one of the most popular of *Madame Vestris's* capital stage performances, which revived the fortunes of *Covent Garden* the last season. It

is full of incident, bustle and vivacity, and it is understood will be produced with extraordinary care. It will doubtless be successful. Placide should take his old post in the stock company to perform in it. He is as good an actor as ever, notwithstanding the fire of English criticism he recently sustained from the London press. He appeared in England at great disadvantages. His available parts were doubtless those in which he acted with Power—but Power was no more. His *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Acres* were bold experiments with a British audience. His *Lingo* was better liked, and these were the only parts in which he appeared. The general estimate of Placide's acting by the best of the London critics, we had already ourselves expressed ;* yet we regret they did not see more of him in his best characters. We shall look for his appearance at the Park with pleasure.

Y

THE LATE JOHN BARNES.

[The annexed biographical narrative is from the most authentic source. Were the writer known, its details would present a simple pathos and feeling, beyond any language or rhetoric. How barren are words and facts, when we know not the heart of the narrator. Within the sacred limits of the family, how elevated and full of meaning are those apparent commonplaces which strike the ear of the stranger as dullness and vanity. We thus commend the following to the best sympathies of the reader.—EDS. ARC.]

JOHN BARNES was born in London, on the fifth of January, 1780. He was the eldest son of a well-known architect of the same name, under whose direction several ranges of buildings were erected in the east end of London; and whose name is, even now, remembered there. The son was intended for the same occupation, and possessed great taste, as well as complete knowledge of the science of architecture, as was exemplified in all the plans and alterations which he afterwards effected in his own residences, and drew entirely himself. Like many other youths of his acquaintance, he acted repeatedly at a private theatre, among whose members, at different times, were Charles Young, Elliston, the late Charles Mathews, and subsequently, Liston. Mr. Barnes' taste instinctively prompted him to the leading old men, and the first part I can trace, was old Rapid, in the *Cure for the Heart-ache*. The manager of the old Margate theatre, Wilmot Wells, saw him perform this part, and immediately

* *Arcturus*, Vol. I. p. 188.

offered him an engagement for that line of business. This so elated Mr. Barnes, then a mere youth, that he left his father's comfortable home, for a theatrical life. Encouraged by this success, he continued on the stage, and was a great favorite, especially in Plymouth, where he played the whole round of characters, with Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Davison, then Miss Duncan, and Mrs. Charles Kemble, then Miss DeCamp, and others. He subsequently engaged with Macready, father of the present lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and remained several seasons with him in Manchester, Chester, Liverpool, &c. Of late years, old residents of Manchester have been heard to speak of the song of "Barney leave the girls alone," then nightly encored two or three times. The younger Macready and Mr. Barnes were companions and intimate friends.

In April, 1806, Mr. Barnes married a young lady of property, in Plymouth, Miss Frances Mitchell, who died in December, 1808, and is interred in the chancel of Chester Cathedral, with her infant son. In Manchester, Mr. B. first met the present Mrs. Barnes, who was, at that time, the bright particular star of that town, and also of Newcastle upon Tyne, where, in April, 1810, he married her. They acted together in Hull and York, still with great success, and in 1811, they both first appeared at the Haymarket in the *Honey Moon*, being also the first appearance there of John Cooper, Richard Jones, and the late well known Finn.—They remained some time at the Haymarket, performing night after night, with Munden as Old Dornton, Elliston as Harry, Mr. Barnes as Silky, and Mrs. Barnes as Sophia, in the *Road to Ruin*. Mr. Barnes afterwards went to Drury Lane, and after an application from Thos. A. Cooper, he subsequently effected an engagement with Stephen Price, for himself and wife, in this country, where they landed in April, 1816. Mr. Barnes opened on Monday, April 22, 1816, in *Sir Peter Teazle*, and *Lingo*, in the *Agreeable Surprise*.

In 1822, he returned with his wife and infant daughter to England, having providentially escaped sailing in the "*Albion*" Packet, for which their passages were engaged, and which was lost, with every soul on board, off the Irish coast. Mr. Barnes then remained at Drury Lane Theatre till his return to America, in 1824, and was still the established favorite of the New York public, varying his life by frequent visits to the neighboring cities. In 1832, after much dissatisfaction from the lessee, Mr. Price, he left the theatre, and, in May, opened the *Richmond Hill Theatre*. No pains or expense was spared to render it worthy of patronage, but that year will ever be memorable in our city's records, as the year of the Cholera. The approach of this

scourge was, of course, the destruction of all gaiety, and after a long and honorable struggle, Mr. B. relinquished the concern.— Hoping, in some measure to aid in retrieving the heavy losses they had experienced, their daughter, though very young, left school, and was brought upon the stage. Mr. Barnes then visited the South with his family, and found his tour so profitable and agreeable, that for five successive years he repeated it. Last winter he remained in New York, playing very rarely, and intending to retire from the stage after acting a few favorite characters, in the course of the present season. For the prospect of combining pleasure with profit in a summer jaunt, he made an arrangement for the British provinces. In the course of this tour, at Halifax, he played the part of Dromio for the last time with his friend, Mr. Hackett, as the counterpart; an old cast associated with the merriment and laughter of the best years—the youthful ones—of the present generation of play goers. Thus do the lights, one by one, go out on the path of life; thus is the present swallowed up in the irrevocable past. Melancholy is the recollection of the departed graces of the actor; the whispered joke, the gay smile, the arch look, the proud tread of the stage, the indefinable graces of action and thought that light up the countenance of the performer; above all, the species of personal intimacy by which all these things speak to the heart, come nearer to us than any other language of the arts. In the arts only of the “well trodden stage” do we speak face to face with our host, and read in the very trick of his eye the pure desire to give us pleasure. We have only an intellectual acquaintance with the author or the painter, but we know every lineament of the actor’s face, and welcome his voice with the longings of friendship.

The last appearance of Barnes in New York, was as Dromio, at the Bowery Theatre, for the benefit of the treasurer; his last appearance on the stage was at Halifax, as Sir Peter Teazle.— He left the Theatre ill; an illness, followed in a few days by death. His remains were brought to New York, and accompanied by his friends to St. Mark’s burying-ground, on Sunday, September sixth.

The professional character of Mr. Barnes is well known. His position on the stage is best indicated by the facts just related. He had learnt his art among men who knew what comedy meant, and he practiced his skill freely in behalf of Momus. He often drew boldly on the license of the house, particularly of the pit, in farce, and his drafts were always accepted.

In his domestic relations, Mr. Barnes was devotedly affectionate as a husband and father, and though industry, prudence and

frugality during his professional popularity enabled him to acquire and leave his family a moderate independence, yet he was ever social, cordial and hospitable to his friends and acquaintance. His best eulogy is the respect of those who knew him.

Wm. Ware

THE LOITERER.

Julian, or Scenes in Judea. By the author of *Letters from Palmyra and Rome*. 2 vols, New York: C. S. Francis. Boston: J. B. Francis. 1841.

THIS volume consists of a series of letters from Julian, a Jew, brought up in Rome, but on a visit to his relations in Judea, to his mother, who remains at Rome. The scenes are of a time most interesting to humanity. The author would attempt to describe the obstinate zeal for the ritual of their religion and the cherished hope for a literal fulfilment of the Prophets, which has distinguished the character of the chosen people. The form of letters seems to lack, generally, the power of exciting to the same extent as other species of writing, and the cold passionless and philosophic style of the classic writers which has been adopted, detracts from the effect while it may add to the clearness of the conceptions. Yet any thing that recalls the land that introduced the hope of the world, from whence sprang redemption to mankind, the land upon which the coming God set the seal of his power, where his Prophets, from the Lawgiver to the Baptist, testified to the Eternal Truth, must excite a throbbing interest. To the impressions of early days, to sacred feelings, this volume would appeal. But how has human thought succeeded, when it would touch upon the life of Christ? It has failed; for this is inconceivable to thought, it is the subject of worship. In the most wonderful poem ever written,—if you look at the sublimity of its action, the beauty and perfection of its conceptions, if you regard it as a scheme of philosophy, as a sacred drama, as an epic, summing in the course of three days the catastrophe of the previous epic of the happy garden, by one man's disobedience lost—how inadequate is the power of human genius to imitate, to re-create the idea of God manifest in the flesh. Nay, inspired man is unequal in power, and the inspired eloquence of St. Paul, the earnestness of St. Peter, the glorious triumphing song of Moses, the prophetic words of all

the Prophets, though transcending human power, how weak when compared with the acts and the words of God as recited in the holy Evangelists. It is well provided to mark the distinction in the liturgy of a portion of the Church, that the worshippers should sit and reverently listen to the teaching of the Epistles, but that they should stand in solemn adoration when the Gospel is read.

There are subjects too lofty to be taken for the feigning imagination of the novelist. Romance writers ought not to dream of the conversation of the household of our Lord; and pious reverence should not take, as persons for a fabling narrative, that blessed family.

Whatever interest these volumes have, is but the memory of the religious feelings we have experienced, when, standing by our mother's side, we lisped and wept over St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John's history, of the Son of Man and of God. Nor can any do well in adding to the words of that book.

Julian has been written hastily, and there are anachronisms, as when Julian sits reading "not, as in Rome, Ennius, or Virgil, or Seneca, but the Prophets"—the word Seneca is a slip of the pen. Page 226, vol. 2.

A failure must have occurred here, where Milton failed, though surpassing in poetic art his previous poem of *Paradise Lost*: and we cannot but look with regret upon the attempt that describes the early unbelief of the Holy Family. Painful it is to see coldness to that which is true, just, pure, and lovely.

N

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1841.

THE reading of criticism is becoming quite the fashion of the day, and it is a fashion well worthy of supplanting the old habits of novel reading. Young ladies now read Macaulay and Carlyle instead of Theodore Hook; and in the absence of a new novel from Pelham, the admirers of the author are quite ready to take up with a volume of miscellanies. This is the evidence of a change in literature, which must be every way of advantage. At first there may be danger of sciolism, a cheap appreciation of the popular results of study rather than the search of first principles and original facts. But any learning is better than no learning, and a little infallibly leads to more. Besides the toe of the student gibes the heel of the Professor, who must be wiser than his pupil, and can no longer get his lectures ready made in the larger Re-

views. If the student reads reviews, the professor is driven in the end to his folios.

We do not think the serious powers of Bulwer of the highest order. He appears to most advantage in his romances where he can sustain himself in a forced animation of style and rapidity of action. He cannot be calm, clear and profound, as a master of philosophy ought, through a single page. He is nothing if not startling and brilliant.—Yet with all his faults of affectation and an unquiet manner, we always read even his serious papers with interest. He has always something to say; a man of some sophistry and trick, but of endless resources. His invention and boldness of will carry him over obstacles insuperable to men of higher powers, without the arts of success. "He knows the public taste well; just what it will take; how much it will bear. He has calculated all the chances of imposition, and is familiar with the art of making the most of the very meanest materials. He has tact and great industry. He is a perfect master of all the tricks of authorship and all the devices of book-making. He wants nature and genius, but he has ability and perseverance."*

The greater portion of the present volumes has long been familiar to the reader. The Papers of the Ambitious Student have been heretofore republished. But there are many articles we see here for the first time, as a Review of Sir Thomas Browne, and several essays on Criticism.

From the former we quote a passage on the different kinds of style, the Familiar and the Eloquent, under cover of which he is pleading his own cause and vindicating his departures from nature. The remarks are ingenious, though they might be extended to as many different styles as there are different genuine writers.

"Of the force and majesty of his style in its better portions, sufficient evidence has been presented to the reader. He enriched, rather than corrupted our language, by an inundation of Latinisms, necessary, perhaps, to science, and, if judiciously managed, ornamental in poetry. The next step was that taken by Milton, who, not contented with Latin expressions, sought to form the whole language anew upon a Latin construction. Here, as in all fashions of literature, when the last step of the change is made, a new fashion is sure to be the successor. An *architectural style*, once elaborated, remains to be admired or condemned, according to the taste or associations of the beholder—a landmark of the everlasting progress of language—but the next generation are the last to imitate or adopt it; for them, like the houses of our grandfathers, it is old-fashioned, not antique. Time rolls on, and the obsolete diction,

* The Analyst: a collection of Miscellaneous Papers. Art. Thoughts on Bulwer.

like the old-fashioned house, contracts a venerable and majestic sanctity in our eyes. Dr. Johnson censures the exploded diction of Browne and Milton; the diction of Dr. Johnson is more exploded than theirs. In almost every age, when *a people* have become *readers*, there are two schools of composition;—the one closely resembling the language commonly spoken; the other constructed upon the principle, that what is written should be something nobler or lovelier than what is spoken; that fine writing ought not so much literally to resemble, as spiritually to idealize, good talking;—that the art of composition, like every other art, when carried to its highest degree, is not the representation, but, as Browne expresses it, ‘the *perfection* of nature;’—and that as music to sound, so is composition to language. A great writer of either school reaches the same shore, and must pass over the same stream; but the one is contented with the ferry, the other builds up a bridge—one goes along the stream, the other *above* it. Of these two schools of composition, the Eloquent and the Familiar, the last, often lightly esteemed in its time, and rather commanding a wide than a reverent audience, passes with little change and little diminution of popularity, from generation to generation. But the first stands aloof—the edifice of its age—copied not for ordinary uses, however well formed by scholars in exact and harmonious symmetry. Royal, but unprolific, it is a monarch without a dynasty. It commands, is obeyed, adored—dies, and leaves no heir. Gibbon and Junius are imitated but by school-boys and correspondents to provincial newspapers; but the homely Locke, the natural Defoe, the familiar Swift, the robust, if boorish manliness of Cobbett, leave their successors; and find—perhaps unconsciously—their imitators, as long as the language lasts. This is no detraction from the immortality of greater and more imaginative minds. It is the characteristic of their immortality, that though they inspire, they are not copied—mediately or immediately: the spirit of Milton has had its influence on almost every great poet that has succeeded him—but poetasters alone have mimicked the machinery of his verse. He who has really caught the mantle of the prophet, is the last man to imitate his walk. As with poets, so with those prose writers who have built up a splendid and unfamiliar style;—after the first rage of contemporary imitation, no one of sound taste or original talent dreams of imitating them. They are not, however, the less certain of duration. Their spirits live apart in the sumptuous palaces they have erected; men, it is true, do not fashion after palaces their streets and thoroughfares. But Windsor Castle is not less likely last, because Windsor Castle was not the model for Regent Street.”

There are a variety of political papers, and we observe one on the “International Law of Copyright;” but of this subject more hereafter.*

* We observe, by the way, that under the new Revenue Law, the interests proposed to be affected by our article on “The Duty on Books,” are partially remedied by a general *ad valorem* duty of 20 per cent. on all books; instead of the old distinctions of age, and pounds avoirdupois. The operation of the new law is of course various, but it relieves those modern books, of heavy weight, that can be purchased in England at a low price.

- I. Catalogue of Books, ancient and modern, for sale by BARTLETT & WELFORD, at their Antiquarian Bookstore. New York, 1841. 8vo. pp. 154.
- II. A Catalogue of valuable old Books recently imported by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, 1841. 8vo. pp. 64.
- III. Catalogue of Books of D. Appleton & Co. 1841.
- IV. Wiley & Putnam's News-Letter, No. 1. September, 1841. New York. pp. 8.
- V. Supplementary Catalogue of the New York Society Library.

We have great pleasure in witnessing the advancement even of so humble an instrument, in the cause of good letters as the bookseller's catalogue, though after all it is not so humble an agent as it would appear to many. A well arranged catalogue, in its accurate scientific division, is a map of literature and science, a chart of the progress of the human mind; a thing not to be prepared by every sciolist or inventory-maker. A catalogue is to a public or private library or bookseller's collection, what an index is to a book, and those only who never studied may presume to undervalue the latter. We are sorry, by the way, to note the absence of the index in most modern books, even sometimes books of reference. Is it a mark of indifference of the author or the public? or is it that we have few books worth referring to? We think the general introduction of the index, after the best models, into books again would have a favorable effect upon the author, to say nothing of its facilities to the reader. A writer, if he were driven to classify and arrange his facts and arguments at the close of his labors, would at least be reminded of his deficiencies and be driven to the necessity of saying something, if only for the sake of its appearing well in the index.

We rejoice in the appearance of these catalogues, for they are among the first evidences of good order and arrangement in the affairs of the trade; they show, too, the increase of the bookselling interest. As authors, we are never disposed to quarrel with the advantages of booksellers, for we know that all their business facilities are in the end for the benefit of the writer. We know, too, that in a wide-spread country like our own, one of the chief difficulties in the way of authorship is gaining the right audience. The writing of a book is only one element of its success. It requires a good publisher to sell it. The circulation of a good catalogue through the country is the only mode of reaching many purchasers.

Independently of this general interest in catalogues for the benefit of the whole literary family, we have our own liking—for the sake of the gossip and broken fragments of literary information. We like to thumb them and turn them over, to read them at the end of a Magazine. How often, as Leigh Hunt has

remarked of the same phenomenon, have we put crosses against dozens of volumes in the list, "out of the pure imagination of buying them, the possibility being out of the question." Till recently this was an imported luxury, associated only with the *Gentleman's Magazine* or a bulky review; now we have our own "antiquarian catalogues" and "news-letters."

The catalogue of Bartlett & Welford, who every way deserve to take the lead in any question of precedence among booksellers relating to standard literature, is very complete. We know their collection of old books in Broadway to be a remarkably excellent one for fullness and accurate selection. The intelligent shelf-hunter might easily imagine himself in the private library of a virtuoso.

The catalogue of Messrs. Appleton abounds more with recent publications, but has the addition of a capital selection of critical comments to guide the taste of the reader. The criticism, for instance, appended to Hazlitt's writings, contains great good taste and judgment in a few brief paragraphs.

Wiley & Putnam's "News-Letter" is a monthly publisher's circular, confined to advertisements of the publications of that firm, with full lists with prices of the London and American publications of the month. The plan has been long in use in England, and will doubtless be followed here by other members of the trade.

We come last to the "Supplementary Catalogue" of the Society Library, which, like the previous catalogue prepared by Mr. Forbes, has the advantage of strict scientific method and a double arrangement, synthetical and analytic, between which it is hard indeed if a book do not come to light when it is wanted.

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THE MAEDER BENEFIT.—The time at which our journal goes to press, prevents our giving an account of this theatrical festival in behalf of an old favorite of the stage. But we cannot do better than second the spirit in which the affair has been undertaken in a genial article from the pen of George P. Morris in the *Mirror* of September fourth.

"The character, history and claims of the fair beneficiary herself present another feature of attraction. Although still young, it is now many years since she came among us, a child in appearance, almost a child in age, beautifully child-like in the simplicity and freshness of her mind, and character, and deportment,

both on and off the stage. Many of us, now grown too grave and old—alas that we must say it!—to pay frequent visits to the theatre, can remember the witchery of her looks and tones; the exquisite hoydenism of her Albina Mandeville, the ineffable mischief of her little Pickle, the perfect nature of her Albert in William Tell; the archness of her singing and acting in a host of characters; that delicious toss of her head when she sang “the bonnets o’ blue,” which our old friend and correspondent William Cox used to say was the one thing Mathews could not imitate; and above even these, the never-failing good-humor and promptitude with which her talents were always exerted to gratify the public, to assist the manager, or to promote any object of benevolence. It mattered not whether the season was prosperous or unfortunate, whether the house was full or empty,—a rare thing indeed it was, in those days, for a house to be empty when Clara Fisher was playing—whether she was getting half the receipts or volunteering for a public charity, Clara was always cheerful, anxious to please, and diligently attentive; and at one time, when the tide of fortune ran low at the Park, we know that she entered with a zeal as kind and generous as it was unusual, into every expedient suggested by the manager to the success of which she could contribute, even though it multiplied her labors and led her to the performance of characters quite out of the line for which she had stipulated in her engagement. Times have greatly changed. Clara has become a wife and mother; the little fortune she had accumulated in her years of unexampled popularity and success, sadly diminished by the depreciation of the securities in which it was invested, was at length totally lost by the failure—some say the dishonesty—of an agent with whom these securities were entrusted; the drama has gone down so low that actors and actresses are very often fain to put up with the non-payment of salaries they have toiled to earn; and, without going farther into details which it would be indelicate to enlarge upon, we may say that to Mrs. Maeder and her children—to her aged father, moreover, who has been for some years a member of her household—the success of the contemplated benefit will be most welcome, not merely as a tribute of regard for her talents and estimable character, but also as an off-set to losses and disappointments of no trivial importance. The exemplary character of Mrs. Maeder is too well known to require notice here; it is attested by the fact to which we have already adverted, that *ladies have conceived the design of this benefit, and taken the preliminary measures for carrying it through with triumph and success.*”

A POEM BY LONGFELLOW.—We copy, from the *New World* of September 25th, the following poem. It is marked by the author's characteristic graces of sentiment and expression, and in this arid season of true poetry, comes to us with the coolness and fragrance of the air of Helicon.

ENDYMION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her lovely rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the clos'd eyes
Of him, who, slumbering, lies.

O, weary hearts! oh, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accurs'd by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings
An angel swept its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
'Where hast thou staid so long?'

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The rapid accumulation of books for notice prevents us in all cases from giving them that attention a discriminating review would need. Many of them, indeed, do not require it. A simple advertisement of the contents is all that is looked for. This we shall be always ready to grant. While we express our thanks to publishers for the receipt of many works of great interest and value, they will understand the necessity which prevents our reviewing them in all cases. Most of them we shall continue to notice, always reserving to ourselves the choice with time and opportunity; our own reputation for faithfulness and promptitude is here concerned with the publication; the rest we shall at least announce.

Familiar Dialogues and Popular Discussions for exhibition in schools and academies of either sex, and for the amusement of social parties. By William L. Fowle, teacher of a young ladies' school in Boston, author of the Primary Reader, &c. &c. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. New York: Gould, Newman & Saxton. 1841.

The object of this book is explained in the title. It differs from other works of the kind in the peculiar talent displayed in its composition. The contents are mostly *original*; a collection of good-humored dialogues, with sufficient mirth and great ease and facility, somewhat after the manner of Cumberland, the dramatist. There is a sprinkling of well selected extracts, just sufficient to give a relish of classicality, without destroying the beauties of classic authors by confounding them with the dull routine of school.

The Life of Gilbert Motier de La Fayette, et Marquis of France, &c. With numerous engravings. By Ebenezer Mack. Ithaca, New York: Mack, Andrus & Woodruff. 1841. 12mo. pp. 371.

Astronomy for Schools: upon the basis of Moses Arago's lectures at the Royal Observatory of Paris, and in which the leading truths of that Science are clearly illustrated, without mathematical demonstrations. With numerous engravings and an appendix, by R. W. Haskins, A. M.

The Deerslayer; or the First War Path. A tale. By the author of the Last of the Mohicans, &c. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1841.

Plasmion: a poem, delivered before the Philomathean and Eucleian Societies of the University of the city of New York, July 13, 1841. By C. Donald McLeod.

This poem is characterized by ease and fluency; the author possesses great readiness and an ardent impulse in the use of materials, with a leaning in the style of verse towards the school of Moore, whom he has very happily imitated in song writing.